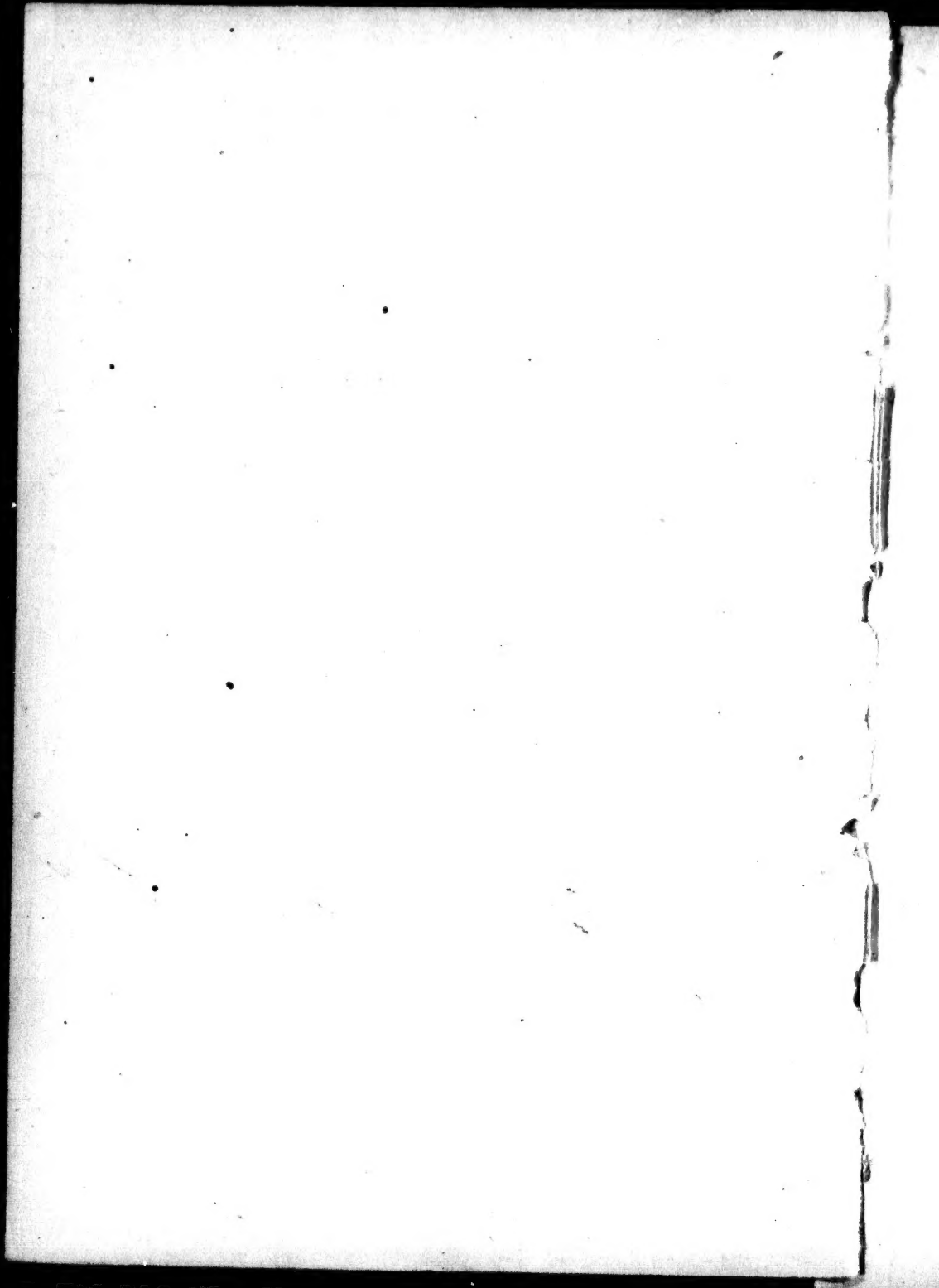


HUMOROUS
SKETCHES AND POEMS.

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HUMOROUS

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SKETCHES AND POEMS

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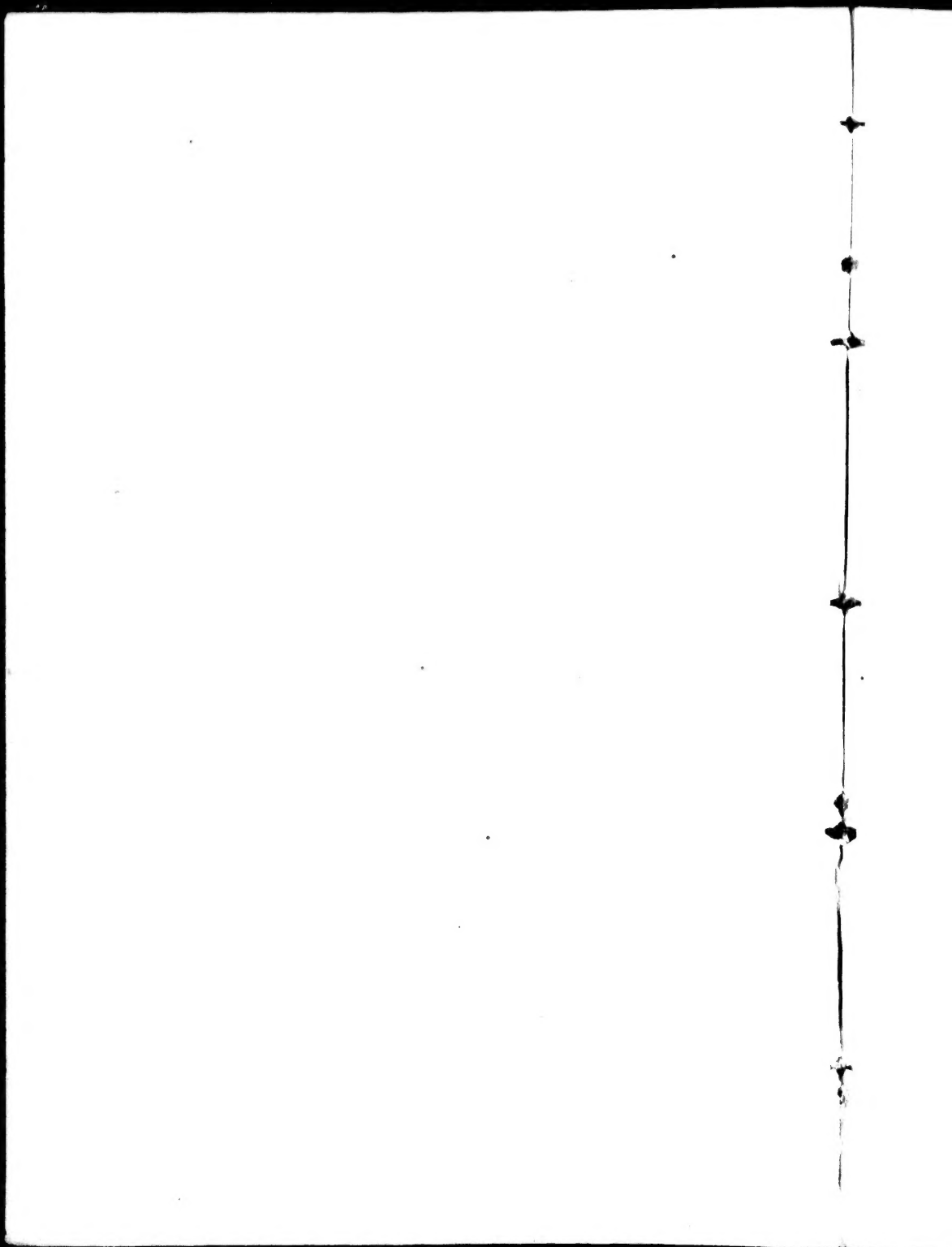
J. A. SMITH



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HUMOROUS SKETCHES AND POEMS.

COURTSHIP IN SMOKY HOLLOW.

"You must know," said Tom, "that to the north-east of the town of Brantford is a region known by the very unromantic name of "Smoky Hollow," famed for its fine farms and thrifty orchards, its tasty dwellings, its stately matrons and blooming damsels ; and it was into this region that I chanced to wander, some years ago, in search of a delinquent debtor of the man who employed me in Brantford ; and it was while on this expedition that I called at a farm house to make enquiries, and was met at the door by one of the prettiest girls it had ever been my good fortune to see.

I was possessed of a heart at that time, and I may say yet possessed of one always very susceptible to the attractions of beauty, and as I caught the glance of those laughing blue eyes of hers, I felt a thrill go through me, and I knew that I was struck with love at first sight.

I could make no excuse to linger, nor would my natural bashfulness have allowed me to do so, and having made my enquiries and got my answers, I departed, with the image of that fair face imprinted on my heart as faithfully as a photographer could have transferred it to paper. On my return to town I lost no time in trying to find some one who knew the family that lived in that particular house, and thought myself fortunate to find, in the person of a merchant of my acquaintance, one who knew the family as customers of his. He spoke very highly of them; said their name was Peppersault, and promised that should occasion offer he would give me an introduction.

For a month after this most of my spare time was spent in haunting that merchant and his store, until, no doubt, he was heartily tired of me.

But my time came at length. The old lady and her two daughters came shopping, and my friend manœuvred around and managed to get me an introduction to them. After this I had a fair wind and pleasant sailing for a time, and made famous headway. I saw them several times on the street or in the store; I met the girls at a party in town, had a nice little chat with the darling Jenny, at length, (oh happy day!) the dear old lady was so good as to ask me out to spend an evening with them. I was in raptures; I went to my friend, the merchant, and confided to him this happy state of affairs; but he rather cooled me off by saying that I did not know the old gent yet; said he was rather a cranky old chap, and unless I got into his good books at the start, and if I made such a grand mistake as to differ from him in any of his pet ideas, I would have very little chance of winning his daughter from him.

“How shall I get round him,” said I, “where are the

rocks and shoals that I must avoid, and where are the pleasant harbours into which I may waft my rich cargoes of soft soap and harmonious opinions?"

At this speech of mine he was taken with unaccountable and uncontrollable laughter; he slapped me on the back; he slapped his own legs, and rubbed his hands together; he threw himself back in his chair and laughed again until I really thought he would hurt himself. However, he controlled himself at length and said he would give me a few hints. "In the first place," said he, "Mr. Peppersault is in religion a Baptist, one of the *wettest* kind. In politics he is an old-fashioned Tory, and he believes in free schools and book farming, but if you want to win his heart by one bold stroke, just make him a sly present of a bottle of choice old brandy.

One night shortly after this I decked myself out in my best suit; I tucked the bottle of brandy into an inside coat pocket, and, with the aid of an old horse and buggy kindly lent me by a friend, I transported my fluttering heart and bashful body to the mansion of the Peppersaults. On my arrival I was ushered into the presence of the family, and beheld the old gentleman for the first time; and I assure you that I was not as favourably impressed with my first sight of him as I had been with that of his daughter.

I was introduced to him and met with rather a chilly reception, but nothing daunted I sat down determined to get into his good graces if at all possible. After a few remarks about the weather and the like, I complimented him upon the fine appearance of his farm, and said I had often heard him spoken of as one of the best farmers in the country. The old man seemed pleased. I said that men who read the agricultural publications of the day had a

great advantage over those who were content to blunder on in the dark. "Well," said he, "I used to hate the name of agricultural papers, but Squire Johnson lent me some lately and got me to promise to read them, and I must say there is *some* sense in them." I thought to myself, "Bravo, Tom! you're just the chap to come around the old fellow, try him again!" Then I said, "I see, Mr. Peppersault, that you are having a new school house built near you, such buildings are a credit to the country, and I am sure that, with our excellent system of free schools now so generally prevailing, the young of our land enjoy excellent privileges in the way of education."

"Drat their free schools," said he, "I've eddicated my young ones, and I don't see why I should be taxed for other people's in my old days."

I felt I had struck a wrong key that time, but trusted that I could make it right yet.

After a bit I asked him how he liked Mr. Finlayson's course in Parliament, and if he did not think it about time that long-legged, long-armed nonsensical Scotchman should be turned out and some smarter man put in his place.

He wheeled around towards me with a look that was meant to annihilate me and said, severely, "Young man, I am a supporter of Mr. Finlayson; I think him a credit to our Reform Party, and I'll thank you to be more respectful in your remarks about him."

I felt as though buckets full of hot blood and cold water were chasing each other through my system, and would have given worlds to recall what I had said. Of course you will think that common sense would have told me that I had been misinformed by that wag of a store-keeper, and change my programme accordingly.

But when did a fellow in love ever act as though possessed of a full supply of common sense? You know when a horse runs away he will go full tilt against a stone wall and break his neck; so I having got on the wrong track seemed doomed to blunder on.

An awkward pause now ensued while the old gent snatched the *Weekly Globe* from a stand beside him and began to read.

Then after some talk with the old lady and a glance at my fair enslaver, I made another effort to propitiate him. I asked him timidly if he had seen the Rev. Doctor Davidson's new book on baptism (then just published). He said "No," pretty short; I said it was a very able work, and set forth the good old doctrine of immersion in contrast with the absurd belief in infant sprinkling in a way that must convince every one who had any brains to work on.

"Then I haint got any brains," said he, "for I don't see but that a person can get to heaven through the good old Episcopal Methodist gate as well as any other way, none of your water-cure doctors for me," and he hit the paper on his knee a vicious slap, which, had it fallen on the nasal organ of the reverend doctor aforementioned, would have caused him to sprinkle something with his own blood.

The old lady and the girls looked at me in dismay; as much as to say "now you've done it."

I jumped to my feet, and, as a last resort, determined to try the brandy. I asked the favor of a word with him in private. He stared but did not move. I repeated the request, and moved toward the entrance hall; he followed. Having got out there I produced the bottle, and, with a word of praise as to the quality of its contents, begged him to accept of it. This was the most unfortunate venture I

had yet made. He was insulted in his own house, he said ; he raved ; he almost swore ; he snatched the bottle from my hand ; he opened the outer door and motioned me to try the fresh air outside, and as I went hastily down the steps my speed accelerated by the aid of a propeller in the shape of his cow-hide boot, he planted the bottle between my shoulders with a force that did credit to his ancient muscle. I need scarcely say that I returned to Brantford a sadder man than I had left it, and it was some time before I saw the inside of that house again. I did see Jenny occasionally though, and was not altogether as one without hope, and on a pleasant afternoon about two months afterward I met her brother in town with his team, and, having chatted a little with him, he told me that his father had just gone to Waterloo to look after the rent of a farm he had there, would be gone two or three days, and asked me to take a ride out with him and see the folks. I consented. I got there ; was cordially received ; took tea with the family ; chatted gallantly with the old lady and the girls and was extremely happy. After tea we had some music. I was singing a nice little love song, and in the tender passages was casting sweet glances at Jenny, when the sound of wheels came rattling down the lane, and young Peppersault looked out and returned with the one word "Dad !" Consternation was depicted on every face, and then the old lady said I had better step into the kitchen a little while ; something unpleasant might occur, &c.

I was hurriedly shown into the kitchen, all dark and quiet, and sat down to await the time when the old man would retire for the night, and I could have a little quiet conversation with Jenny before taking my leave. The old gent met his tenant on the way and having got his rent and

settled his business satisfactorily had returned thus unexpectedly. He sat down ; said he had had his tea, and then got up and muttered something about having left his specs in the morning, and, taking a light, started towards the kitchen. Jenny jumped up and volunteered to hunt them up for him, but he pushed her aside saying that he knew just where to look and passed on. I heard his step approaching. I shoved up a window and sat on the sill with my feet out, but was surprised to find that the house was built on a hill side, and that I was some ten feet from the ground. I sat there with my ears open, determined that if he entered the room I would jump at all hazards.

He stopped, his hand was upon the latch, when suddenly the heavy window fell behind me with a crash. I jumped; but was suddenly brought up with a jerk. My coat-tail was fast under the window and there I hung helpless.

It seems the old chap was aware of my presence in the house when he entered it that night ; the hired boy who took his horse had told him, and he marched straight to the window, and seeing the plight I was in he took out his pocket-knife and maliciously cut a great triangular piece out of my coat-tail, then hoisted the window and let me drop plump into a puncheon of rain-water that stood beneath ; and as I scrambled out he said with a chuckle, "My young friend, I wish you good night, and as I do not intend that you shall ever visit my family again, I will give them this lock of your coat-tail to remember you by."

I did not stay to hear any more of his remarks but took the road for home, laying the dust as I went like a town watering cart with the water from my streaming garments. How I got home that night and what a cold I had afterward I will not attempt to tell ; but all my mishaps did not

cool my love for Jenny, but on the contrary I was more than ever determined to win her. But how? That was the puzzling question that occupied my thoughts night and day. Her father kept her at home so that I could not see her in town, and my eyes longed for the sight of her, as the lost traveller in a thirsty desert longs for the sight of cooling springs of water.

About this time I had a considerable sum of money left me by a relative in the old country, and with the coming of the money, came, as if by magic, a plan whereby to circumvent old Peppersault and marry Jenny. Although born in Canada myself, my parents were Scotch, and I had in my boyhood acquired the Scottish dialect to perfection, and could talk as broad Scotch as any old plaided Scot from the banks of the Tweed; and I determined to make this same Scotch tongue do me good service now. I bought a snug farm with a comfortable house on it; just the right kind of a nest for my pretty bird, I said to myself. And now for the bird. I shaved off my moustache and cultivated a pair of side-whiskers; I had my curly hair shingled off short; I donned a suit of Shepherd's plaid and a Glengarry cap, and having managed to acquaint my lassie and her mother with my plans, I mounted my horse and rode boldly into the enemy's country; timing myself so as to arrive at the Peppersault farm just about their dinner hour.

As I rode down the lane I saw Mr. Peppersault in the barnyard among his sheep, and riding up to the gate I shouted in a stentorian key, "A' say, sir! Hae ye ony nowt bease for sale?"

"Any what?" said he, coming closer.

"Ony nowt bease, or cattle, as the folks o' this kintra ca' them," said I, "a've just bought a farm ower here by

Moont Plesint, an' a'm wantin' a few kye an' stirks to pit on't." I dismounted, and, at the old man's request, put my horse in the stable. Then we proceeded to examine his stock, I keeping up my Scotch, though often having to act as my own interpreter, but always reverting to it quite naturally.

We were just about coming to terms over a couple of cows, when from the house came the sound of a big cow bell rattled with a willing hand in token that dinner was ready.

Mr. P. asked me in to dinner. I affected to hesitate. I glanced at my long muddy boots and said that I was scarcely fit to encounter the ladies of his family, and also hinted that I had so much difficulty in making people understand me, and was sensitive on that point. "Never mind the boots," said he, "nor the Scotch either. I *hope* (and he emphasized the word *hope*) that my women are not the kind to wish to see a man fixed up with a pair of patent leather boots, a broad-cloth coat, a moustache, and a scented handkerchief, like some of them tomfools from town."

"Come right along, no excuse!"

Thus urged, I consented to dine with him; and as we neared the house I saw a well-known pair of roguish eyes peep slyly out, but no sign of recognition passed between us. On reaching the door Mr. Peppersault asked what name he should give me.

"Ye may ca' me Tammas Rutherford," said I, and we entered. He introduced me to the family, and it was worth dollars to see the expression of their faces as they gazed on me in my transformed state, and listened to my outlandish talk, and I could have laughed heartily if I had dared. I got seated at the table beside Jenny and managed to slip a

note to her, and got a touch of her hand that was worth a hundred dollars or so, keeping up a rattling conversation with the old people, while the girls were like to choke with suppressed laughter. Mr. P. asked me how long I had been in Canada. I said it was "Mair than twa years sin' I had seen the heathery hills o' auld Scotia."

"And how do you like this country?" said he.

"A' canna say but that I like it well enough in the main, though there are some things that I dinna' approve o' a' thegither. Free schools for instance. Is it right for a young chiel like me to pay tax for ither folks bairns?" and I glanced boldly at the head of the house. He was with me this time; said it was a shame and an imposition. But here I caught the old lady's warning eye admonishing me that I was on dangerous ground and had better stop.

After dinner I went to buying cattle again, concluded a bargain for the two cows and a steer, agreeing to come for them the next day.

When I had got about a mile from the house, and was quite out of sight and hearing, I gave vent to my pent up feelings in a laugh that rang through the grand old sugar bush beside me and sent the squirrels scutting up the trees, and taking off my cap I slapped it gleefully on my hand and congratulated "Tammas" on the success of his expedition.

The next day I went over for my cattle, and dined with the Peppersaults again, evidently growing in favour with the old gentleman, while the daughters *seemed* inclined to turn up their noses at the "raw Scotchman," which inclination the old gentleman promptly frowned down. After this I made a rapid succession of visits to Smoky Hollow. I bought a few sheep and another steer; I got seed grain

of different kinds from Mr. P., and at length made no scruple of going without any errand whatever.

The old man appeared always glad to see me, and, despite my queer dialect, we had many pleasant conversations, and I need scarcely say that my opinions on politics, religion, &c., were in harmony with his, and he declared to his wife and daughters that I was a very sensible young fellow; and to make a short story of it, in the course of six months I had got the ancient Peppersault's consent to wed his daughter Jenny.

We were married quietly in Brantford, and I took my bonnie wife straight home to my own place, not caring to have a regular wedding at her father's lest something might transpire to arrest the cup of happiness in its transit to the lip.

One night after this consummation of my hopes, Jenny and I were sitting in our little home, all so snug, when I suddenly broke out into a hearty laugh. Jenny looked up from her work and said, "Tom, you rogue, what mischief is in your head now? No tricks upon poor pa I hope?"

"Well," said I, "I was just thinking of him, and wondering how we were to let him know that Tammas Rutherford, the Scotch farmer, and Tom Rattleton, of the coat-tail adventure, are one and the same. Now I'll tell you my plan. You know your father and mother are coming over to see us to-morrow. You just mend that coat of mine by sewing in a patch of bright red flannel, and then we'll hang it where he can't help but see it, and watch the result." The coat was fixed as I proposed and laid away. The old folks came, and I took my father-in-law for a stroll around the farm while Jenny was to hang the coat in the entrance hall. On our return towards the house I made an excuse to visit

the stables myself and sent him in alone. He entered and Jenny laid in ambush to watch him. The coat took his eye at once ; he took out his specs, put them on his nose and examined the garment with a wonderful expression of visage.

He turned to leave it. He returned and examine it again, took off his specs and put them in their case with a slap and said, " Well I never !"

And that was all he ever said about it (you see he didn't like to own beat). He calls me Thomas, never giving me a surname, and once, only once, said something about my having easily got rid of my Scotch talk.

MOLLY MORIARTY.

Molly Moriarty,
Pink of propriety,
Molly Moriarty, Molly my own,
Sure 'tis your Tim is sad
How could his heart be glad
Since like an icicle Molly has grown.

Och 'twas your eyes so blue
Cut my poor heart in two,
Each took a half of it, carried it off ;
Then when I spoke of love,
Swore by the stars above
Sure 'twas unkind of you, Molly, to-scoff.

Oft at my cabin door
When the dull day is o'er
Sadly I sit and send sighs on the gale ;
Rain from my weeping eyes
Fully a stream supplies,
Where drink the cows that are grazed in the vale.

Pigs in the pratie patch,
Running a rootin' match,
Sow in the buttermilk drinking her fill,

Cow in the cabbages,
Making sad ravages
Everything gone to destruction at will.

Soon in the waters deep,
Tim's weary head shall sleep ;
Suckers and shiners shall nibble my nose ;
Waves rooling over me,
Singing a lullaby,
Or a sad requiem when the wind blows.

What's that you're sayin', joy ?
"Tim come and kiss me boy !"
Here hould my hat while I skip on the flure ;
Come to my arms my love,
Molly my turtle dove,
Whoop ! what a jewel you are to be sure.

BILL AND THE WIDOW.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a baby on his knee with the other, and he looked across the table into the bright eyes of his neat little wife : "Wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it Ed.; he won't ask her ; he's so awful shy. Why he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out some clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke ; but when I shook out a nightgown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed. ; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him and he don't dislike her ; but as you say, he's *so* shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags off him, and if I don't bag him before I come back don't kiss me for a week, Nelly."

So saying Ed. started, and while he is crossing the fields we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some grey hairs, and he had got in a set of artificial teeth. But everyone said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norwich, and a new house and everything comfortable, and if he had wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster at a grasshopper. But Bill was so bashful—always

was—and when Susan Berrybottle, that he was sweet on (though he never said “boo” to her) got married to old Watson, he just drew in his head like a mudturtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow he had paid more attention to his clothes and had been very regular in his attendance at the church that the fair widow attended.

“But here comes Ed. Wilbur.”

“Good morning Mr. Smiley!”

“Good morning, Mr. Wilbur. What’t the news your way?”

“Oh nothing particular that I know of,” said Ed. “only Barnum’s show that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his girl is going to. I was over to old Sackrider’s last night, and I see his son Gus. has got a new buggy and was scrubbing up his harness, and he’s got that white-faced colt of his slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking the Widow Watson to the show. He’s been a-hangin around there a good deal of late, but I’d just like to see him cut out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I wouldn’t blame her much if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares and it isn’t half worked, and no one else seems to have spunk enough to speak up to her. By jingo! If I were a single man I’d show him a trick or two.”

So saying Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot-hole and listened, knowing that the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Bagrider!" said Bill, what business has *he* there I'd like to know. Got a new buggy, has he? Well so have I, and new harness, too! and his horse can't come in sight of mine; and I declare I've half a mind to—— Yes I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with *me*. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing school-days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then—and wondering inwardly if he would have courage now to talk up to her, until at the distance of about a mile from her house he came to a bridge—over a large creek—and it so happned that just as he reached the middle of the bridge he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth, and clear over the dash-board, and striking on the planks they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there—completely dumbfounded at this startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of the buggy, and getting on his hands and knees looked over into the water. "Yes, there they were," at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sackrider. Well, he must try

and get them some how—and no time to lose, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his good clothes by wading in with them on, and besides, if he did that he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around to the bank and waded into the almost icy water, but his teeth did not chatter in his head, he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud and when he got to the right spot he dropped under water and came up with the teeth in his hand and replaced them in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon! and a little dog barking with all his might, and his horse starting. "Whoa! Whoa!" said Bill as he splashed and floundered out through mud and water, "confound the horse. Whoa! Whoa! Stop, you brute you, stop!" But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace with the unfortunate bachelor after him and the little dog yelping after the bachelor. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the hill, and what, oh what would he do. Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one

that he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he had not possession of the reins, besides he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattle of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Mr. Smiley, and that he did not offer to get out, she went to the gate to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her smiling face turned right toward him, while the cold chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face. She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white faced horse, and at once surmising that Gus. Sackrider was coming, he resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said; had to go to Mr. Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow; "you're going to Green's are you? Why, I was just going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt some. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, "what a scrape!" and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a light waggon,

drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said.

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill, "they're not mine."

"Why said the boy, 'ain't you the man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No, sir, I am not! You had better go on about your business." Bill sighed at the loss of his good Sunday boots, and turning to the widow said.

"Just pick up the lines, will you, please; this brute of a horse is forever switching them out of my hands." The widow complied, and then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down, and she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm, I don't think we need the robe over us, do we?"

(You see she had on a nice dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.)

"Oh, my!" said Bill earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

"She seemed pleased at his tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out, with a long silk neck-tie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr Smiley? a neck-tie?"

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," she said, "it was so careless;" and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

Bill felt her hand going down, and making a dive after it, clutched it in his and held it hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her soft hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's, and she wondering why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, and why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until as they were going down a little hill one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"O murder !" said Bill ; " what next ? "

" What is the matter, Mr. Smiley ? " said the widow, with a start that came near jerking the robe of his knees.

" One of the traces is off," said he.

" Well, why don't you get out and put it on ? "

" I can't," said Bill ; " I've got—that is I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick ! What shall I do ? "

" Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, " what is the matter ? do tell me," and she gave his hand a little squeeze, and looking into his pale and troubled face she thought he was going to faint ; so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth she stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low-backed buggy. The little woman gave a little scream as his big bare feet flew past her head ; and covering her face with her hands gave way to her tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was " right side up " in a moment and was leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilbur with his wife and baby, drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than have Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no

help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was like to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned to his wife to drive up, and after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived. I need not tell how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea table that night, but we will conclude by saying that they went to the show together and Bill has no fear of Gus Sackrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the widow, just as I had it from Ed. Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him.

A LEAP-YEAR'S DITTY.

Round the house the wind was sighing,
Sighing like a doleful strain,
And the big snow flakes came flying
Pat against the window pane.

By the fire sat Luke and Lucy
Munching mince and apple pies,
Tasting apples ripe and juicy,
Looking in each other's eyes.

On the shelf the clock was ticking,
Ticking to the hour of ten,
And there came from rooms adjoining
Sounds of snoring, now and then.

Still he sat and looked at Lucy,
Looked but dare not tell his tale,
Only spoke of breezes blowing
Snow across the homeward vale.

Spoke of how his uncle Peter
Sprained his arm the other day,
Told her how his auntie's baby
Took the croup and choked away.

Told her of Miss Linsey Woolsey
Going off to boarding school,
Told her all the country gossip ;
Never told his love, the fool.

'Twas the last night of December,
Leap-year now was drawing nigh,
Ladies then might do the courting,
Press their suits to lovers shy.

Now the clock approaches midnight,
Now it strikes the new year in,
Lucy's heart begins to flutter,
Now she's going in to win.

Now she grasps his bashful fingers,
Boldly touches lip to lip,
And the all important question
Makes no bones of letting slip.

Luke confessed a kindred feeling,
Answered "yes" to what she said,
Now they are a happy couple,
And I danced when they were wed.

DONALD AND HANS.

Old Donald McDonald, a Highland Scotsman, and his neighbor, Hans Van Duser (both wealthy farmers), lived on opposite sides of a certain road in the township of Waterloo, Ont., and they were opposite in almost every way. Donald's farm was hilly, and he delighted in the hills, and laughed at the Dutchman's meadows. He kept a fine flock of sheep and a couple of Collie dogs to drive them about the farm ; while Hans was proud of his herd of sleek cows, and vowed they were far more profitable than sheep.

Donald lived in a little log house without a speck of paint, either inside or out ; Hans lived in a great two-storey house, painted a bright red. Hans was short and fat ; Donald long and thin. Hans loved a mug of beer and his big pipe ; Donald was partial to snuff and whiskey. Hans wore baggy, wide breeches, and when it was cold weather, an overcoat with a dozen capes on the shoulders ; while Donald wore his long plaid, and as for breeches, had it not been for the cold in winter and the mosquitoes in summer, he would have worn none at all. Hans had saurkraut all the year round ; Donald could not do without his oatmeal porridge and brose, with an occasional haggis. Hans was a great singer, with a full mellow voice ; and often in the summer evenings he would seat himself upon the stoop in front of his house, and sing lustily the songs of "Faderland." Then Donald would come out with his bagpipes, and placing his

open snuff-box on the window-sill, would march back and forth like a conquering hero, making the hills and valleys resound with his shrill music, as he played the "Campbell's are coming," and a host of other old Scotch tunes, until the Dutchman was fairly drowned down and driven into the house, with a finger in each ear.

In fact, they carried the spirit of opposition and antagonism so far, that they would scarcely speak when they chanced to meet ; and as for those little neighborly exchanges of help and the lending of tools, so common among farmers, they would have lost their whole season's crop or the best of their stock before they would have asked help one from the other. In one or two things only were they alike ; they were both widowers, and they each had an only child ; and though the one doted on his strapping son Duncan, and vowed he was "as braw a lad as ever picked a mutton bone ;" and the other dearly loved his fair-haired, pretty Maria, I verily believe that, at the time my story begins, they would rather have seen them fall into their graves than fall in love with each other. But the young people were far from harboring the unkindly feelings of their sires, and were evidently well pleased to meet occasionally ; and the softly-whispered "gooten nacht" of Maria, and Duncan's fond "guid night," accompanied with a sly kiss at parting, proclaimed them to be lovers. And their love might have glided along in a quiet, smooth stream for an indefinite time, had not old Highland Kate, who kept house for the McDonalds, happened to be a witness to one of their stolen meetings, and carried the news at once to her master. Great and fearful to behold was old Donald's wrath at the discovery, and bringing his fist down on the kitchen table with a crash that made the dishes hop, he swore by the hill

of Ben Dhu, that if ever his son spoke to the girl again, he would turn him from his door without a penny. And the matter coming to the ears of Hans, he too was very indignant, and scolded Maria at the top of his voice, until the poor girl was glad to steal off to her room, and have, what women folks call, "a good cry."

But the stream of true love that had started to run, was not to be dammed up or turned into other channels by all the cross words of Donald and Hans; and though they had to be a little slyer, they still had occasional interviews, and at length they planned a runaway marriage. Everything was quietly arranged, and one fine winter morning, while the old men were still snoring in bed, Duncan hitched one of his father's horses to a cutter, and tucking sweet Maria in by his side, set off for the minister's house, some ten miles distant.

Oh, what an uproar there was on each side of the road, when their flight was discovered. Hans came out of his gate and shook his fist at the opposite house, and went through a string of high Dutch expletives in his highest key; and as though they were not high enough, he hopped up and down in the snow as he jerked them out, till at length his heels slipped from under him and he measured his length in a snow-drift, just in time to escape a blow from Donald's stick, that came whizzing over him.

The Scotsman was not at a loss for hard words, both Gaelic and English, to hurl at his neighbor, and they kept up a steady fire until both were tired of the game, and then they made preparations to follow the fugitives.

Donald mounted his mare, and Hans got into a sleigh, and started almost simultaneously from their respective gates in pursuit. Donald was a little ahead and bound to

keep ahead, while Hans seemed determined to pass him or run over him. Donald's blue bonnet was pressed firmly down on his brow, his switch played nimbly on the mare's ribs, and his plaid streamed out behind ; while Hans puffed great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and flourishing a long whip, shouted to his team.

On they went, up hill and down, over bridges and through toll-gates, without drawing rein on their reeking horses, until, at a distance of some ten miles from home, they drew up at a little village where two taverns were kept. Donald stopped at one, and Hans at the other. Here they learned that a young couple, answering to the description of the fugitives, had been seen stopping at the door of the Rev. Baldwin Bobchick, the village minister, and most likely they were now in the act of getting married. No time was to be lost, and the old fellows were soon on the road to the parson's house ; Hans puffing a little in advance of the more nimble Donald.

Just as the Scotsman overtook him, Hans stubbed his toe and went sprawling in the road, and Donald being unable to check himself in time, tumbled over him. Very wrathful were they both at being thus brought together, and their first impulse was to fight it out on the spot ; and the plaid and the many-caped overcoat were thrown off with that intent, when, recollecting the more important business on hand, they renewed the race to the parsons.

The Rev. Baldwin was quietly finishing his breakfast, well pleased with the prospect of a coming fee ; Duncan and Maria were in the front parlor, impatiently waiting to have the knot tied. Maria looked through the window, and at sight of her father's well-known dumpy figure, she gave a little scream and fell into Duncan's arms. He looked out,

and was just going to bolt out the back door with his precious armful, when two other parties appeared on the stage. These were a toll-keeper and a constable, armed with warrants for the arrest of the two old ones for the offence of running the toll-gate. No excuse would be listened to, and they had to go before a magistrate.

Little did the youngsters care what scrapes their respective dads got into, so that it gave them time to get married ; and married they were in a short time, and started for home, determined to brave the old men's anger, and at least give them a chance to forgive them ; though, knowing their mutual enmity, they had but slight hope of such a happy conclusion.

In the meantime, Donald and Hans were arraigned before the J. P., and the offence being proven, they were fined five dollars each, and costs, to be paid forthwith ; or, failing that, fifteen days in jail. Hans hauled out a greasy wallet, and paid at once ; but poor Donald, after fumbling in every pocket, could scarcely find five shillings, having in the hurry forgotten to bring more money with him from home. He offered to give his note, but the magistrate did not know him ; and, furthermore, he said such a proceeding as giving credit on such occasions was unprecedented, and unbecoming the dignity of the Court ; and having said this, he gave him ten minutes' time to pay up or prepare for jail.

"Ta tooce tak ta man," said Donald. "Does she no ken Donald McDonald o' the Craigie-knowe farm, an' her nainsel pe a shentlemans, wort mair tan a tousan' pund ; and fat for wad she no trust her ?"

"It may be all very true what you say," said his honor, "but I am not supposed to know every culprit who is brought before me ; and even did I know you to be a responsible

party, I would not, as I said before, feel inclined to give you credit ; and if you are the gentleman you represent yourself to be, how is it that you are guilty of the very ungentlemanly act of running a toll-gate? You will have to go to jail, unless some one here will lend you the money."

Donald looked around the room, but among the few present there was not a familiar face save that of Hans, and he could not think of asking *him* for money ; he would go to jail first, and he was just about to express his readiness to start, when Hans stepped up and paid the fine for him, and turning to the surprised Donald, thus addressed him :

"Mynheer Mack, *you* ish a fool, and *I* ish a fool, unt we has been fools dish long times ; now let us be frents. Mine daughter and your poy will pe married some time pretty soon before now. I can't shpare mine leedle pet, unt you can't shpare te poy ; unt te peshtest ting ash we can do ish to go home togessers, unt to fool te young rascals py not bein' mat at them wen dey expects it. Ha ! vot you say?"

Donald's Highland pride and the better feelings of his heart had a hard struggle for the mastery ; but at length he grasped the Dutchman's hand and shook it heartily. They left the room side by side, and pretty soon they started for home together in the sleigh, with Donald's mare tied behind.

When they got into their own neighborhood, the people could scarcely believe their own eyes when they saw the two together ; but greater still was their surprise when they heard of the marriage, and got invitations to come over to a grand supper, to be given at Van Duser's the following night.

Duncan and Maria were sitting in the kitchen eating a hearty meal after their ride, and thus fortifying themselves to stand the storm they expected to burst over their heads.

But had a real thunderbolt come crashing through the room, they could scarcely have been more thunderstruck than they were when Hans and Donald came bouncing in like a couple of boys, and kissed the blushing bride and shook the hand of the bridegroom until his arm ached.

That night, as they sat around the Dutchman's great open fire, it was agreed that they should all live together in the big house, and Duncan should work both the farms. On the following night there was a great supper, and great rejoicings. A fat turkey graced one end of the festive board, and a large "haggis" the other, while the intervening space was filled with dishes of saurkraut, sausage, roast beef, mince pie, and all the other dishes and dainties that Maria, with the assistance of old Kate, could devise. After supper they had a jolly dance, Donald leading off the bride, and cutting such capers as only a Highlander can go through, and when he finished off with the Highland Fling, there went up such a shout of glee as might have been heard a mile off.

After the party, things settled down to a quiet routine. Hans smoked his big pipe and handed it to Donald; Donald took his snuff and passed the box to Hans; and they lived quietly together without a word of dispute, save that when the young Donald Van Duser McDonald made his appearance, Donald would insist that he was a Scotsman to the backbone, and Hans was equally positive that he would "shoost pe a Van Duser vrom top to toe." But these little differences never came to a serious quarrel, and they still live in peace and plenty, and always celebrate the anniversary of the happy day that made them friends, and witnessed the happy union of Scotch and Dutch.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Down by the water side,
Under a tree,
Sat I wi' Nannie,
And gazed in her e'e ;
Gazed in her blue e'e and held her wee hand ;
Said to myself the while, Is na this grand !

Then, growing bolder still,
Kisses I took
Frae her twa reid lips,
And ne'er gaed a look
Hind or before me, but kissed all the mair,
'Til the dear lassie said, " Laddie, forbear."

Slipping behind us, then,
Sly as a mouse,
Came her auld faither,
Adown frae the house ;
Down frae the house he came, ne'er a word said ;
Rap, came his knobby stick on my bare head.

Then did I leap on high
Into the air ;
Down I came quickly,
And you may guess where.
Into a pool I went, up to the ear,
Got myself out again, ran like a deer.

A PARODY.

I've hung my hat on the garden gate,
I've come to court you again ;
My supper to-night had no charm for me,
When I thought it might me detain.
I hurried away without eating a bite,
And flew o'er the fields like a quail ;
And had I not come through a fence in my flight,
I might not have torn my coat-tail !

OLD BOB AND YOUNG BOB.

Some years ago there lived in the county of Norfolk a certain widow, of the fat, fair and forty description, who had a snug farm, and a very fine daughter who followed the calling of a school-marm. Now it so happened that the school-marm was teaching in a little old school-house that stood on the next lot adjoining the farm of old Bob Little, and she soon got acquainted with his son, (Bob the younger) and they forthwith formed a mutual admiration society, with two members only.

Bob was working a summer fallow right alongside of the school-house, and his horses got many a rest while he sat on his plough-beam and listened to the buzzing of the young voices, and to the voice of their teacher, that was music to his ears, and often he would get a glance of her bright eyes through the open windows that would "set him a thinking."

Then the old lady came over to see her daughter at her boarding place, and it happened that Bob senior called there and stopped to tea, and was very forcibly impressed in the tenderest spot of his heart by the many charms of the buxom widow, and being a widower of some three years standing and getting somewhat tired of single blessedness he resolved to cultivate her acquaintance, and if—well there was no knowing what might come of it, but in the meantime he must be sly ; it would not do to let son Bob know about it, he might not relish the idea of a stepmother ; and

there was neighbour Poppleton who was such a tease, if *he* got wind of it, all the county would have the story with additions and variations innumerable. And young Bob on his part was equally cautious, and so the old folks knew nothing of the state of affairs in the juvenile department.

Well, the summer passed away, and the school-marm's time being out, she went home, and Bob was dreadfully lonesome, and devising ways and means of seeing her again, when one morning the old man who was occupied in oiling his buggy, called Bob to him, and said :

"Robert, we must have another horse. I want to get out a lot of logs and cordwood this winter, and I think we we had better get a mate for old Bill. I'll take a turn round to-day and look at some I've heard of. One is away the other side of Simcoe, and I won't be home until late in the night, perhaps, so you look well after the things and carry in plenty of wood and water for your Aunt Nancy."

Accordingly he slicked himself up a bit, wonderfully slick, young Bob thought for a *horse-hunting* expedition. His hat and boots, as Bob inwardly remarked, were "polished to kill." His linen was like snow, and a bran new necktie peeped jauntily out from beneath his newly shaven double chin. Moreover, he had on his Sunday broadcloth, and he got into his buggy with a boyish spring that quite astonished the son when he thought of his father's last week's fit of the rheumatism.

There was a mystery somewhere, but although he scratched his head and cogitated vigorously as the old man drove down the lane, Bob could not fathom it. But, Bob the younger was delighted nevertheless, for now was just the time to go and see his girl, and he chuckled to himself at the thought of the fine time in prospect.

Along in the afternoon he got his colt up from the pasture, and gave him an extra feed of oats ; and then after having washed and shaved himself, and smoothed down his hair with a lavish application of hair oil, he donned his best clothes, and bidding good-bye to Aunt Nancy, (whom he had let into his secret) he started. How jolly he felt as he cantered along in the bracing October air, happy thoughts in his head, sturdy health in his veins, a willing steed and a good road beneath him, and a pretty girl to welcome him at the end of his journey. And he could scarcely restrain a shout of delight, when, on reaching the top of a hill he saw the widow's cottage down in the valley with cheerful lights sparkling from the windows. Soon he rode into the farm-yard and tying his horse in an outhouse, he went to the kitchen door and knocking softly thereat was admitted by his fair charmer.

But there was something in her manner that he could not account for, a sort of half-roguish, half-frightened look that puzzled him exceedingly ; but she did not hide her pleasure at his visit nevertheless, and they had a nice little chat by the cook-stove for the space of half an hour or so, when Bob suddenly recollected that he had not seen the old lady, and enquired for her. Susie seemed embarrassed, but quickly recovered, and said,

“ Do you wish to see her ? ”

“ Well not particular,” said Bob, “ but I just wondered I hadn't seen her.”

“ Come this way, Bob,” said Susie rising, and taking him by the hand to the door of the dining-room she bid him look through the keyhole. Bob put his arm around her waist, just to steady himself, you know, and stooping down took a peep through and saw his own worthy parent sitting by the widow's snug fire-side holding a skein of yarn which

she (the widow) was winding on a ball. A cheerful chat was going on, and the yarn seemed to act as a conductor between them, and drew forth wonderful electric sparks from their eyes; and smiles were flashing over old Bob's face and clear up to the fence of grizzly hair that stood like a hedge around the extensive clearing on the top of his head.

Young Bob came near snorting right out; but by stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth, he managed to stifle the laugh. Then he took another look, but this time he was obliged to sneeze, and bunting his head against the door that was not latched, he lost his balance and dragging Susie with him, they both fell into the room.

Old Bob sprang to his feet and said, "What on earth?" The widow screamed and dropped her ball of yarn. The youngsters were about to beat a hasty retreat when old Bob called out: Robert, what has brought *you* here? what is wrong? is your Aunt Nancy sick, or what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Bob junior, "only I thought that as you were looking for a mate for the *old hoss*, I would take the chance to go and see a nice little filley I knew of, and here we both are."

At this the wicked little Susie raised a ringing laugh, in which she was soon joined by her Bob and the widow, and though old Bob winced and squirmed and tried to look dignified, he was at length forced to join the chorus. And I need scarcely tell you that all spent a pleasant evening. Young Bob and the beauty in the kitchen, and old Bob and the widow in the dining-room. The young ones got up a nice little supper, and invited the old ones out to partake. Then Bob junior got up Bob senior's horse and his own, and beat him home. Not long after there was a double wedding at the widow's, and the old folks took one farm, and the young ones the other.

JOHN WILDERKIN.

John Wilderkin lived all alone,
In a cottage with ivy o'ergrown
John Wilderkin lived all alone.

Now John loved a lady so fair,
He loved her both fondly and true,
But John was so bashful he dare
Never go near her to woo.

The birds whistled merry and free,
In the boughs of the old maple tree
The birds whistled merry and free.
But John never whistled at all,
Nor lilted a line of a lay,
He thought of the lady so fair,
And sighed all his music away

At eve when his toiling was o'er,
He'd sit by his white cottage door,
At eve when his toiling was o'er.
He'd gaze at the smoke of his pipe,
As slowly it twined round his head,
And wish that a pair of white arms,
Were twining around it instead.

One beautiful midsummer's day,
As John was a-making his hay,
One beautiful midsummer's day,

He saw a steed heaving in sight,
A voice in his ear seemed to say,

“ Oh, Wilderkin ! Wilderkin ! John !!
My horse ! He is running away ! ”

John leaped the rail fence at a bound,
Like stag followed close by the hound
John leaped the rail fence at bound.

He waved his hat high in the air,
He threw himself wildly about,
The horse never heeded his hat,
Nor yet his stentorian shout.

“ Oh, Lucy, sweet Lucy,” he cried,
“ I fear to destruction you’ll ride,
Oh, Lucy, sweet Lucy,” he cried.

Near by was a bridge and a stream,
With banks that were slimy and steep,
The horse missed the end of the bridge,
And plunged to the bottom so deep.

Poor Lucy was soused in the mud,
Head first with a terrible thud
Poor Lucy was soused in the mud.

John Wilderkin waded the waves,
He brought her all dripping to shore,
But sighed as he thought that her breath,
Had gone to come back nevermore.

Oh sure ’twas a pitiful sight,
To see her lie there in such plight
Oh, sure ’twas a pitiful sight.

Her hair was all plastered with slime,

And oh ! her two beautiful eyes,
That once were so bright and so blue,
Were now like a pair of dirt pies.

The tears ran adown o'er his cheeks,
As though he were looking at leeks,
The tears ran adown o'er his cheeks.
He wiped a piece clean on her face,
Then kissed her and called her his dear,
And no sooner had he done that
Then life in her frame did appear.

But why need I lengthen this tale,
Already as long as a rail !
Say, why need I lengthen this tale ?
So then you must let it suffice,
That though 'twas the month of July,
The Lady had " broken the ice,"
To John she was ne'er again dry.

John Wilderkin lives not alone,
In his cottage with ivy o'ergrown,
John Wilderkin lives not alone.
The lady is Wilderkin's now,
The babykins clamber his knee,
Go search the whole country around,
No happier man you will see !

IKE SICKLE'S QUILTING SCRAPE.

Ike Sickle, is a wealth farmer, sixty years of age or thereabout, living in one of the corners of Dumfries ; wears his homespun "sheep grey" cloth, is tall and grizzly, and a bachelor :

Now to look at Ike you would not suppose that his old heart had ever been warmed by the tender passion, and I once hinted as much to him, when he told me the following story of a love adventure of his youth, *and how he fell through it.*

"Well you see," said he, taking out his knife and beginning to whittle the bars, he was leaning against. "I was in love once ; 'twas when I lived to home, down in the Jersey settlement. I was young then, just beginning to shave, and was as keen after the gals as that colt yonder is for salt. But there was one little critter that I was partickler struck with. Her name was Lucindy Popkins, and she was just about the nicest little piece of womankind that ever I see, and I've seen a good many in my time. She didn't play on the pianner, nor darn colored yarn all over a rag, but she could make her own frocks out of wool, and as for cookin' ; I think I can taste her mince pies now ! (Here Ike smacked his lips and sniffed with his nose). Darn it, it's too bad that I didn't git that gal ; she was so pritty too ! Her eyes was as blue as that silk neck tie of yourn. Her hair was as soft and silky as the tassels on ears of green

corn, curlin around her white neck, and bobbin up and down when she laughed, and she could laugh about the heartiest ! I swow ! It's too bad that I didn't git that gal.

"How did it happen so ;" I asked. 'Well now,' said Ike, it's a story that I never like to tell, it allers makes me feel bad when I think about it, but as I have begun I might as well finish it. You see I was kinder green like then, and though I was mighty sweet on Lucindy I hadn't never said nothing to her about it. I had been to uncle Pop's to tea two or three times, but somehow could never git beyond talkin' with the old man about the crops and the weather, and inquirin' about a faller he was clearin' off, and then trudgin' home agin thinkin' of all the nice things I might have said to Lucindy if I hadn't ben so sheepish.

So things went on all through summer and till after seedin'. Then dad and mam took a notion to go a visitin' for a week down to stony crick ; and as soon as they was out of sight behind Pete Misener's woods I goes into the house and says I to sister Rachel,—Rach ! supposin' we git up a quiltin' and a dance while the old folks is gone, eh ? "Oh git out ! says Rach, there aint a bit of stuff in the house to make a quilt of:" "Never you mind, says I, Abe, (that's my brother you know,) Abe and I will find the calico and ax the boys, if you do the cookin' and ax the gals." "And the quilt will be mine," says Rach. Well, well, says I, though I thought to myself, maybe I'll want quilts before you will, old gal.

So it was settled to have the quiltin' on the next Friday night, and I made up my mind to walk into Lucindy's affections pretty strong ; go home with her from the party and ax leave to go to see her reglar.

It seemed as though Friday night would never come. I

thought of nothing but Lucindy and the quiltin' by day, and I could not sleep sound at night. Abe cussed me for kickin' round and keepin him awake, and told some pretty tall yarns about what I talked of in my sleep.

Friday did come at last though, and I pretended to be a ploughin', though most of the time I was sittin' on the plough beam watchin' the sun and thinkin' of Lucindy, or else practisin' dancin' steps. I tell you I guess I astonished the old mades some, the way I hoed it down and made the dust fly !

Along after dinner a while I seed the gals comin' up by toos and threes. Then I caught sight of Lucindy's Sunday bonnet, that I knew like a book, because I had watched for it so often in meetin', and my heart jumped so high it nearly knocked my hat off. When the sun was jest about even with the ridge of Jerry Dimond's barn I unhitched ; turned the old mares out to pastur' and started for the house ; keepin' on the blind side of it though, as I didn't want the gals to see me till I was slicked up. And I had got a new spotted neck tie, a bottle of odoriferous hair ile, and some other little notions, and expected to come out pretty shiny.

Now the house was an old log one, the same that father built when he first settled on the place. There was one big room and two bed rooms down stairs, and a garret above, with only a floor of loose boards between that and the room below. The garret was where Abe and I slept, and after washin' myself at the rain trough I histed a ladder and got in at the window to dress.

I had jest got all my dirty clothes peeled off and was reachin' down my clean fixin's, when I heard a laugh among the quilters and I stood listenin' so eagerly to catch what it was about that I never seed a big bumble-bee buzzin' round,

till he come, smack ! and stung me on the leg. I gin one yell like an Ingin war-whoop, and jumped about six feet to one side and came down on the end of a board that didn't quite reach the jiste, and through I went, plump onto the quilt below ! Je-whitiker ! what a commotion there was ! Some screamed and jumped up on the chairs, some laughed, some ran out ; while I rolled, and wriggled about and tried to cover myself up in the quilt, but the more I tried to scratch it up around me, the more I got scratched with the pins and needles a stickin' into it, and all over it, wuss nor enny porkipine, till in desperation I bolted through the door and made for the barn. Right in the path with her back to me sat Lucindy, a rockin' herself back and forward and laughin' as loud as a tin horn could toot. I had no time to turn, but took a flyin' leap right over her, and never stopped till I was buried in the hay mow, but even then I could hear her squealin' wuss than git out !

After a while things got quiet and then brother Abe came out with my clothes and wanted me to go to the house, but I couldn't have faced them gals, and stood the twittin' ot boys for the best farm in the settlement. So there I lay all night in the hay, close enough to the house to hear the music and dancin' with the sweet thought that red headed Joe Skimmins was makin' love to my Lucindy.

It was a long time afore I could muster up courage to go to uncle Pop's agin, but I did manage to go at last, though I felt mighty queer like as I opened the gate and went into the yard where the gals was a milkin' the cows. I shuk hands and said, how dye do, all round, and then picked up a shingle block that was layin' there and sat down beside Lucindy, and begun to say some pretty nice things to her.

But somehow she seemed to be thinkin' of somethin' else.

I watched her as she kept them blue eyes of hers lookin' away off somewhere at nothin' partickler,, with a smile runnin' over her face, like the ripples on a pond of water when you throw a stone in. Deeper and deeper grew the ripple on her face, and then she bust out jest like she did that night sittin' in the path. I knew very well what she was a thinkin of then, and I jumped up kind of mad like, and skert the old cow so that she jumped and knocked Lucindy and her pail of milk over on the grass, and I put for home, cursin' my luck.

Lucindy married Joe Skimmings next tater harvest, and as I never took no shine to any other gal since, I'm an old bachel'or yet and I spect I allers will be.

DEACON DOZEWOOD'S DAUGHTER.

'Tis spring time, and the robin wooes
His mate among the budding bushes ;
And bobolink has turned a beau,
And flirts around the reedy rushes,
The bullfrog's plaintive lovesick note,
Comes bubbling o'er the swampy water,
And I must clear my willing throat
To sing of Deacon Dozewood's daughter.

They tell me that the pretty girls
Are plentiful as flies in summer ;
At every turn one's sure to meet
A beauty or a dry good's drummer ;
But I ne'er had the luck to find,
Though far and near long time I sought her,
A maid exactly to my mind
Until I met with Dozewood's daughter.

Her eyes are like the violets ;
Her smile it is so sweet and pleasing ;
There's music in her mellow voice,
And even in her " tish hoo !"—sneezing.
Her hair hangdangles down in curls ;
Her cheeks are like a pair of roses ;
Her teeth just like a string of pearls,
And oh ! how neat her little nose is !

One glance from my dear charmer's eye,
Puts all my feelings in a flutter ;
And love, sweet love ! glides o'er my heart
Like honey over bread and butter,
Oh ! I could face the beating rain.
Or I could wade through fire and water,
If thus I could but hope to gain,
Old Deacon Dozewood's darling daughter.

But should my darling pout and frown
When sweetest smiles on her I'm trying
All dolefully I'll sit me down,
And burst my buttons off a sighing,
And when she takes some other man
To be her own attentive waiter,
Then my poor heart is bruised and torn
Like nutmeg on a horrid grater.

Like bumble bees beside a flower
The boys all hum and buzz about her ;
But only one can win the prize,
The rest must learn to do without her.
And should she but say "yes" to me,
And own that love has fairly caught her,
How happy, and how proud I'll be
When wedded to the Deacon's daughter.

A LOST IRISHMAN.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'Twas in the summer of '46, that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug out from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I set off for the township of Burford, lilting a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I truged on and on past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have such a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the second day I got to Burford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about siven miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, an' was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indeed, an' whin I got out of the wagon he pointed through the wood an' tould me to go straight south a mile and a half, and the first house would be Dennis'.

"An you've no time to lose now," said he "for the sun is jow, an' mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I "that I'd be gittin', an me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the trackless say! Not a bit of it," says I, "though I'm obleeged to yiz for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an left me all alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of a tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis'. But, bad cess to it ! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very idintical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make diversion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, an' as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for awhile, but och hone ! och hone ! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose, and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands an' face to a blister ; an' after tumblin' an' stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost entirely, an' that may be a lion or some other wild cratur would devour me before mornin'.

Just thin I heard some body a long way off say " Whip poor Will ! " " Bedad " sez I, " I'm glad that it isn't Jamie that's got to take that though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they're doin' it, or why would they say "*poor* Will ? " An sure they can't be Injuns, haythins, or nagurs, for it's plain English that they are after spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice. " A lost man ! " Thin I listened. Prisintly an answer came :

" Who ? Who ? Whoo ! "

" Jamie Butler, the waiver ! " sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick I started in the direction of the voice.

Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped an' shouted ag'in'—"A lost man!"

"Who! Who! Who-ooo!" said a voice right over me head.

"Sure thinks I, it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar bush for the childer's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will an' the rest of them?" All this wint through my head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry:

"Jamie Butler, the waiver, sur," sez I; "an' if it wouldn't inconvaniance yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down an' show me the way to the house of Dinnis O'Dowd?"

Who! Who! Whoooo!" sez he.

"Dinnis O'Dowd!" sez I, civil enough an' a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother.

"Who! Who! Whooo!" sez he ag'in'.

"Me mother!" sez I, "an' as fine a woman she is as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, an' her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Who! Whooo!"

"Molly McFiggin!" sez I, "and her father's name was Paddy McFiggin!"

"Who! Who! Whoooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to yer deaf old head. Paddy McFiggin, I say, do you hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the County Tipperary excipt Jim Doyle the blacksmith."

"Who! Who! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggurd nagur, an' if yez don't come down an' show me the way this minit I'll climb up there an' break every bone

in your skin, ye spalpane, so sure as my name is Jamie Butler !”

“Who ! Who ! Whoooo !” sez he as impidint as iver.

I said niver a word, but layin’ down me bundle and takin’ me stick in me teeth I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked around quietly till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

“Whist ! said I, “an I’ll let him have a taste of an Irish stick,” an wid that I let drive an’ lost my balance and came tumblin’ to the ground, nearly breakin my neck wid the fall. When I came to my sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it the size of a goose egg, an’ one half of my Sunday coat tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree but could git niver an answer at all, at all.

‘Sure’ thinks I, ‘he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for be the powers, I didn’t throw me stick for notin’.

Well by this time the moon was up, an’ I could see a little, an’ I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis’

I wint on cautiously for awhile, an’ thin I heard a bell. “Sure” said I, “I’m comin to a sittlement now for I hear the church bell.” I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, an’ got her by the tail an’ hung on, thinkin that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple chase, ’till sure enough we came out to a clearin’ an’ a house in sight wid a light in it. So leavin’ the ould cow puffin an’ blowin’ in’ the shed, I went to the house, an’ as good luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis’.

He gave me a rail Irish welcome, an’ introjuced me to his two daughters; as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped

an eye on. But whin I tould him my advinture in the woods, an' about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed, an' roared an' laughed ; and Dennis said it was an owl.

“ An ould what ? ” said I.

“ Why, an owl, a bird,” sez he,

“ Do you tell me now ” sez I. “ Sure its a quare country and a quare bird.”

An' thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself that hearty like, an' dropped right into a chair, between the two purty girls, an' the old chap winked at me an' roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, an' he often yet delights to tell our childer about their daddy's advinture-wid the owl.

MUDGE HOLLOW.

Sweet Hollow !

How do mine eyes in thee delight
Thy vale romantic, and thy waters bright,
Thy tasty dwellings, and thy murmuring mill,
The winding road that mounts each guardian hill :
All, all, delight me,
Else I would not rack my brain
To write of thee in this poetic strain.

Not often,
Do I ask my limping muse
To try description of romantic views,
And would not urge her to the effort now,
But love attempts most anything I trow,
Love ! Love ! the deepest,
And the very tallest kind,
No top, no bottom, can I ever find.

Old Hollow !
Now often have I heard thee praised,
For many maidens fair that thou hast raised,
But never quite believed the wondrous tale,
Of beauty so divine, in Mudge's vale ;
Now ! now ! I believe it, |
And can say like Sheba's Queen,
The half was never told that I have seen

Dear Hollow !

It is not many weeks ago,
That through thy village sauntering slow ;
My heart serene as is this Indian summer,
While smiling faces peeped at the new comer :
On, on, I ventured,
Past each open cottage door,
Not dreaming of the fate for me in store.

But Hollow !

Just as I reached the bridge's end,
And stood a while to rest ere I'd ascend ;
A lovely lass came tripping down the road,
Wending the winding way to her abode.
Fair, fair as angel's
Was her rosy smiling face,
And everything about her had a grace.

All hollow !

Does she beat all girls around,
From Erie's verdant shore to Owen Sound :
From Sarnia's sandy plain to Hamilton,
There's none can match my darling, no, not one !
Good, good, as lovely
And the best of all to tell,
She blushing has owned she loves me well.

TEDDY O'BRIAN.

His name was Teddy O'Brian ; a short, curly-headed, laughing young Irishman, and he came of the good old stock of O'Brian's of Boggmaballagh, in the county of Antrim, north of Ireland, and Teddy was wont to boast that his ancestors had all been great knights, and squires, and gentlemen, living in stone wall houses, and owning slathers of land, in the days of the Irish kings. But be that as it may the O'Brian's had become greatly reduced in these degenerate days, and were now nothing but petty landholders, and very few of them had " much to the fore," as Teddy would say. Some of them had found it best to emigrate, and among the number was our friend Teddy, who, with his old mother and sister Kate, had found their way to Brantford, and Teddy being a smart young fellow and quick to learn had got a place in one of the large machine shops, and had, after a few years of labor and economy, saved enough to buy a lot on a pleasant street, and build a nice little plastered house. It was a happy day for Teddy when his traps were all conveyed to the new house, and he danced a merry jig with Katie on the new carpet, and then he patted his old mother on the back and wished she might see many long years to sit by that fireside. But Teddy's wish was not to be gratified, for in less than a month the old lady was taken to her long home. And after a while Katie's wedding day was appointed and Teddy was to be left alone. Among the friends at his sister's wedding were his shopmates, Sandy

Davidson and John Podsworth, who after the other guests were all gone remained to smoke a quiet pipe in the little kitchen, and have a chat with their young Irish friend.

"Weel, Teddy, ma man," said Sandy, "what'll ye do noo, ye'd better rent your bit hoose an' gang an' board oot, had ye no?"

"Faith an' I don't like yer boardin' house folks, wid their tough beef an' their blue bread and butther, an' their thin blankets an' cold fires! Sure I have a house of me own, and I'm goin' to live in it independent!"

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I should do," said John Podsworth, "I'd hunt around for some nice little woman as would have me, and I'd marry her, that's what I should do; there an't nowt loike a woife to make a man comfortable, and if I had a house like your'n and were bound to live in it, I should marry, that's what I should do, blessed if I wouldn't.

"Bedad an' I won't," said Teddy, "I've seen enough of yer marryin'. Luck at our own shopmates. There's Johnston goes wid his elbows out of both shirt an' coat, while his wife is gaddin' around dressed up like a blue-jay, spindin ivery cint the poor fellow arns on her lazy back and her empty head, an' ridin on the cars to see her aunt this an' her cousin that. An' phat do yiz think of Scotch Pether's wife, so stingy she won't give him enough to ate, an' Jim's wife is dirty, and Tom's wife drinks, and Walker's wife scoulds from mornin' till night, an' from night till mornin' too, an' I'm tould the poor sowl has to keep the bedclothes over his head summer an' winter to dhrown the sound of her tongue; an' there's poor little Pat Purdy, who thinks he is the father of ten childher, an' there he sits of an evenin' as meek as a lamb rockin' thim blessed twins, an' his wife out

gossipin' wid the neighbors. Och, it's a quare thing this matrimony, an' thim as is out of it had betther stay out."

"Hoot, mon, but they're no a' sae bad," said Sandy. "a've seen mony a kind wee wifie as clean as a preen an' blythe as a bird, an' thrifty an' a', and garrin' every ane envy the happy chiel that she ca'd her guidman. But if ye're boond no tae tak a wifie, can ye no find some decent auld body tae keep hoose for ye?"

"Sure there's no occasion," said Teddy. "I can cook for meeself. Havn't I seen Katie at it many a time, an' me ould mother could bake as pretty a scone as iver ye stuck in yer chake, and why can't I? Sure ain't I the same flesh and blood? Faith, it's batchelor's hall that I'll kape, an' jolly times I'll have of it, wid niver a washin day or a white-washin' to bodher me. Marry indade? Not if I know me self!"

"But a' canna sae hoo ye'll be sae jolly," said Sandy. "'Deed a' think ye'll be awfu' dull, livin' here a' your lane."

"Not a bit of it," said Teddy. "Havn't I got me pipe, wid books an' papers to read, and you and John will come and take tay wid me whin ye git sick of yer boardin' house fare."

"Come Sandy," said John, "taint no manner o' use talkin to him now so we might as well toddle hame for the present, but we shall see."

"Aye, we'll see him gaun doon Colborne street wi' a wifie by his side an' a baby carritch ahint, afore twa years gaes by," said Sandy.

"I think I see it," said Teddy, and he laughed a merry laugh. "Good night, b'ys."

Teddy got along tolerably well for the first day or two, for

he had the scraps of the wedding feast to eat, but when he had to depend on himself he made a sorry mess of it, and ere a week was past he had burnt his fingers and scalded his toes, cracked the stove, broke the dishes, and spilt the gravy, flour, and molasses over the floor. His porridge was either too thick or too thin, minus the salt, or else salt as brine. His coffee was like muddy water, and his toast about as eatable as scorched basswood chips. The bacon and eggs were never exactly right, and when he essayed to make a scone just like his mother's, it was just like leather. He roasted a chicken and forgot, as he said, to "turn the crathur inside out first."

But the blood of the O'Brian's was roused, and he was bound not to give up yet, though, truth to tell, he was sick enough of the undertaking. Then, in spite of the fire, the pipe, and the books, he began to feel very lonely, and concluded that he must have some living thing for company. First he thought of a cat, but that was an old maid's pet; a dog? no! He never liked dogs since the day that Webling's terrier bit a piece out of the calf of his leg. Bedad! he would have a pig, for next to a pretty girl there is nothing an Irishman fancies more than a pig. And now that I think of it, said he to himself, I saw a beautiful litter the other day out at that market garden on the Hamilton road, and I'll go this very evenin' when I quit work, an' buy one. Teddy found not only a fine litter of pigs that evening, but a very agreeable old man in the person of Bailey the gardener, who took pride in showing him over his garden and pointing out the beauty of some nice trees and flowers. But Teddy was most struck with the beauty of the old man's daughter who was out picking strawberries for the morning market; for though he had no

fancy for a wife as yet, he had no objection to look at a pretty girl, and Nelly was not only pretty, but she had that peculiarly sweet expression of face that denotes a gentle spirit within, and as he listened to her humming a sweet old tune as she plied her nimble fingers, he felt that this pig buying was pleasant business. Having stayed as long as he decently could, he got a pig in a poke and went home. Arrived there, he put it in a barrel until he could make a little pen for it in the morning. Then Teddy got his supper and went to bed to dream that pretty Nelly Bailey was feeding him with ripe strawberries smothered in cream, and sweetening every spoonful with a kiss from her own sweet lips ; but waked in the morning to find himself all alone in his bachelor's hall, with not a soul or a living creature near him, for even the pig had tripped over the barrel and made its escape. Teddy found it next night at Bailey's though, and it proved to be a most wonderful pig, and evidently thought with the poet that there was no place like home, sweet home, for every morning it might have been seen trotting nimbly over Vinegar Hill on its way back to Bailey's, and Nelly would take compassion on it when she heard its plaintive voice at the gate, and let it into the yard with the others. Then Teddy would come for it in the evening, vowing to old Bailey that his "heart was just broke wid it !" though I'm sure he looked like anything but a broken-hearted man when he went strolling around the garden chatting with Nelly, and getting his head down close to hers to sniff at the pretty flowers.

One morning about this time Teddy's next neighbor was in her back yard, and hearing a voice on the other side of the fence she peeped through a knot hole, and saw him leaning against the edge of the pig sty, and talking to him-

self, and looked straight at the pig as it was eating it's morning meal.

"Sure," said he, "aint she a beauty. What purty brown hair, as soft as silk. And what music in her voice. Faith, its enough to kape all the birds in Brantford hangin' around to learn to sing!"

"What a fool," said the woman in a whisper. "Silky brown, indeed! Why, its black and white spotted, and its voice is worse than saw filing!"

"What a nate little foot she has," said he, "and what beautiful eyes. Why, the evening stars that they talk so much about can't hould a candle to thim."

"Pigs eyes beautiful! Well I never heard tell of the like," said she.

I'll be bound that her heart is both good and tender," said Teddy.

"Well a pig's heart aint so bad fried, but I'd rather have liver."

"Faith," said Teddy, "if I was a little better acquainted I'd buy a beautiful goold ring for her, and drops for her dainty little ears."

"Oh, the man *is* crazy. A gold ring for a pig's nose, and drops for her dirty little ears."

Bedad, there aint the like of her in all Brantford or Paris aither, an' I wouldn't lose her for a thousand dollars."

Then he walked to the gate and opened it a little, and coming back to the pen he pulled out a board and let the pig go, and as it went out of the gate he hit it a spat with a piece of lath and said:

"There be aff wid ye, an' give my compliments to ould Bailey, an' tell him I'll have the pleasure of callin' on him to-night again."

"What's that you say about old Bailey, young man?" said old Bailey himself, who happened to be just then passing with a basket of vegetables for a customer, and had heard the last remark.

Teddy was taken terribly aback, and blushed like a girl, and could not say a word for himself until he saw by the sly smile in the old man's eye that he was not angry. Then he took heart to confess his liking for Nelly, and got permission to come and see her occasionally without the trouble of sending the pig in advance.

Some months afterwards Sandy Davidson said, "A' thoct sae!"

And John Podsworth said "I knew he'd take my advice in the end."

And all the old women said, "Didn't I tell you?"

And all the young girls said, "He might have done better."

Teddy himself said he was the happiest man in the County of Brant, and the last time I saw him he was in Stapleton's store buying a pair of shoes about as long as my finger.

PEGGY AND THE MILLER.

Young Willie stood at the mill door,
And sang to the click of his mill.
As Peggy so fair
With a modest air,
Came tripping adown the hill.

Many a look at the mill door
She took as she passed it by,
At the dusty "brecks,"
And the mealy cheeks,
And the smile in the Miller's eye.

"Would'nt I laugh said the maiden,
' If I this miller should see,
Some moonlight night
With his jacket so white,
Come telling his love to me.

Such fun I would make of the fellow,
I'd ask him the price of his meal
And tell him outright,
That I hated the sight
Of him and his old mill wheel :

I never *could* bear these millers,
(And up went the beautiful nose)
' If one of them placed
An arm round your waist,
' Twould leave *such* a ring on one's clothes.'

And sure enough the young fellow
Came wandering up the road,
And stayed his feet
At the gate so neat
That led to fair Peggy's abode.

And now, not far from the mill door
The miller has built him a cot,
And the dusty " breeks "
And the mealy cheeks,
Our sweet young Peggie has got.

TIMOTHY HAY'S ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF STUMPFIELD.

Gentlemen, I am the onnered recipient of a reckisishin, noomerously sined by my wife's folks, my sister's husband's folks, and a lot of other folks I needn't mention here, callin, on me to come forward and take a seat in the house of commons. I consider it a dooty I o to this great confederation to acseed to the request, and havin' served with onner to myself and benefit to the kintry in the highly responsible offices of Pound-keeper, Path-master, and Skool Trustee, I deam myself well qualified for the position ; and as I said to nabor Doozinpot when I maid that tellin' speech last town-meetin' day, " A man doant know what he kin do till he tries." As to book larnin' I doant perfess to be enny great shaiks, but I hev brass enuff to maik up what is lackin' in that respec, and I kin put on dignity jest as easy as I kin a clean cotton shirt.

My politicks at present is strickly nootral and independ-ent. I aint a goin to have my opinions stuck fast to any party, and dragged through the mud like burs in a koalt's tail ; but they shall be planted in a sile of their own, and shall grow up and flourish, and tower aloft, und bear the allfindest fruit you ever see, and the whole nation shall stand around and fatten on the windfalls.

My fust dooty when I arrive at the guvirment will be to look out for a comfortabil seet for myself near the front, I

shall then inquire around where the best isters, nice drinks, and the best terbacker and sich like is to be had, for the pay is mitey good you know, and it behooves a feller to spend it like a gentleman and not hord it up to patch my close with, like some of them stingy old senators.

I have been axed my opinion about reciprossite and would only say that it will all be arranged right when they git the rite man in the right place, and I consider that there aint a man in this ere Upper Providence, nor in the lower ones nuther that is my ekal in the tradin' business; you never heern tell how I suckt squire Squatleggs with that old mair, I guess? But I haint got time to tell it now.

The Canada Pacific Railroad is a great undertakin' and should not be trusted to green hands; my experience as path-master will cum in good here. I shall watch over them railroade chickens with the eye of a hen-hawk, and if one on 'em tries to swaller a worm that he haint scratched for, you may expect to see the feathers fly; and I shall expose him in all his naked deformity to the gaze of a frownin' world.

I shall bring in a bill to pervide for the erection of a gigantic heatin apperattus at Kingston to supply bilin' water to keep the St. Lawrence open all winter, and thus give us acksess to the see at all times; said institootion to receive collateral aid by dippin hot-headed politishins in the Ottawa every morning before breckfust.

I will introduce a measure to compel young ladies to have their waterfalls underdraned so as to redoose their size and admit of their wearin their hats on their heads like sensible creeturs.

Ole batchlors I will have made to buy yearly 45 yards of the best small pattern calico and present it in quantities of $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards each to interestin' young fathers.

One half of the doctors, storekeepers, and lawyers, shall be pervided with bush lots in the back settlements and compelled to live onto them ; natur never intended that so menny big, lazy fellers, should live without work.

I will have all the oncommon, mean, stingy, greedy men set off in a township by theirselves. The selection of candidates for the settlement to be determined by a board of examiners ; and enny poor feller who has been suckt or imposed on by them shall be competent witness.

I will redoose the duty on sugar and ballance the loss to the rivenoo by makin' it a misdemeanor to spark without payin' a license of ten dollars a year, and enny feller who is found guilty of courtin' two gals to once, shall pay a fine of twenty dollars for the first offence and double up ever time it is repeated, and all sich fines to be set apart to a fund for givin' dowries to ole maids. By this means I hope to redoose the numbers of this class of femails, and sweeten the tempers and brighten the prospecks of the remainder, N.B. I consider this to be the slickest plank in my hull flatform.

The agricultooral interest shall allers reseve my encouragement, and I will endeavour to have the razors of big onions, cabbages, shanghi roosters, and pretty gals, sootably rewarded.

I perpose to have the noarth poal brought home and greased, and a pig, a big pipe, and a new scotch bonnet stuck onto it, and let John A. MacDonnel, Alick MacKinzy and Geo'die Brown clime for the prize while the rest of us goes on quietly with bizzness.

In conclusion I would say that I dont wish any bribery to be used to sekure my election ; it aint necessary, but enny man^{as} has a vote can draw onto me at site for a shaik hands and a pipe of terbacker.

I am gentlemen your much respected friend, and fellow countryman.

TIMOTHY HAY.

PAT AND THE YANKEE ORANGE.

I hadn't been long in Ameriky ; only a month or so, an' was helpin' to make some illigant ditches in the back strates of Toronto, an' gettin' purty good wages. I had Molly an' the baby, a new cook stove and a four-posted bed, wid a lot of other comfortable traps all snug together in a little home away out on the fag end of Young street, well nigh to Yorkville. Well, one night when I got me pay I started for home, jinglin' the money in my pocket, an' wonderin' what I could buy for a bit of a trate, an' as I was goin' by a green grocer's shop I stopped an' looked in. There was apples, an' plums, an' cabbages, an' praties, an'—"phat's thim, Misthur?" sez I, as the owner stepped to the door to measure a peck of onions for an ould lady.

"Thim!" sez he, castin' his eyes to where I pointed wid the stem of me pipe. "Thim's Yankee oranges."

"Oranges!" sez I, "sure they bate the ould country oranges ; are they good aitin'?"

"Shplindid!" sez he. "Will ye thry one?"

"Phat's the price?" sez I.

"Only a quarter for yer pick," sez he.

"A quarter for me pick!" sez I, "sure an' I've never a pick at all. The one I'm usin' belongs to the contractors, an' I'm thinkin' that I'd want more nor a quarter, though as we ain't much used to fruit yet maybe a half a one might sarve us."

"Oh, you don't understand," sez he. "I mane a quarter of a dollar for your choice of a whole one. We niver sell less than a whole one."

"There's a beauty now," an' he rolled one about as big round as a flour barrel up to me toes an' held out his hand for the money.

So I handed him the quarther, an' takin' up me orange I started wid me arrums stretched around the fruit an' me mouth stretched into a broad smile as I thought how surprised Molly, the darlint, would be, an' how the wee bye would crow over it, an' clap it wid his hands.

After a while I got to the door an' shouted for Molly to come quick, for ye see me arrums was nearly tore off carrin' the thing.

"Howly, help us!" sez Molly, as I plumped it onto the table, "phat's that, Pat?"

"An orange, a Yankee orange, they call it; an' isn't it a beauty, Molly? Sure an' I didn't bring ye to Ameriky to eat praties an' salt all yer life honey!"

"An' where do they grow, Pat?"

"On the trays, av coorse," sez I.

"Did ye iver see thim growin', Pat?" sez she, a little jubus like, as she put her nose down an' took a sniff at it; "an' how do they gather thim? an' don't they all break to smithereens when they drap aff thimsilves?"

"Sure, Molly ye know nothin' about it. They have the orange groves planted round a little lake; an' the trays hangin' over the water, and whin the fruit gits ripe an' swate it just draps into the water, an' they fish thim out an' take thim to market."

"Och!" sez she, "but it's quare things one does see in Ameriky, any way!" Will ye have some for yer tay, Pat?"

"No," sez I. "But we'll have tay first an' thin have some for *desert* as the gintry call it. When I write to me cousin Jerry, I'll tell him about oranges as big round as Tim Donley's new grine stone, an' near as heavy. But come Molly, let's have our tay, for I'm as hungry as a greyhound after a coorsin' match."

So we sat down to our supper, an' while we were aitin' in come our nixt neighbor to ask if we had larned all about the fire down town the night afore, an' prisintly sez she, "Oh! what a nice pumpkin ye've got! I didn't know they were ripe yet!"

"A *pumpkin*, did ye say, Missus Doran? Sure it's an orange, the man at the shop tould me so."

"Well thin he was a humbuggin' of ye," says she. It's nothin' but a pumkin."

"An' phat's that?" sez I. "Is it good to ait." "Oh, yes," says she, "they're nice, real nice, only they have to be cooked and—"

Just thin her ouldest lad stuck his head in at the door an shouted, "Mother! mother! come quick, the baby's chokin'!" an' aff she went wid a bound.

"A punkin," sez Molly.

"A punkin," sez I, an' thin we looked at each other an' at the great red craythur on the table, an' sez I, "well, how Molly, we ain't agoin to be phooled out of our trate this way, an' if it's good cooked, we'll cook it, an' ait it, too."

"Hadn't I better go over to Missus Doran's an' ax her how," sez Molly.

"No! no!" sez I, "don't let us expose our ignorance that-a-way, we'll bile it."

"Well, thin, Pat, you be a cuttin' an' paillin' it, while I get on a couple of pots an' the skillet."

"Peel it," sez I "never a bit will we peel it. Bile it wid the skin on like a pratie, an' keep the flavor roun the heart of it."

"But the pot won't hould it," sez Molly.

"Oh, bodheration!" sez I, "that's so, sure enough. Well thin, we'll roast it in the stove oven."

So we put it in a big tin dish that Molly had to mix her bread in, an' put it in the oven, an' I sat down to keep the fire goin' while Molly washed up the dishes.

Tom Mulligan, the stoopid, had hit my big toe wid his shovel that day, an' as it was feeling purty sore, I pulled off me boots an' stockings, an' after luckin' at the sore toe an' bindin' a bit of rag round it, I tuck up the baby an' sat there in me bare feet, whistlin' a tune and bating time on the stove wid the poker. Molly had got the dishes done, an' had got a pair of stockings to darn, an' was just going to sit down forninst me, whin whang! crash! splutterty bang! the oven doors flew open, an' the great scaldin' hot punkin exploded all to smash an' smithereens an' came out all over me bare feet, an' the craythur of a cat wint howlin' through the window like a shootin' comet wid a fiery hot tail behind. An' I drapped the infant into a wash tub of soap suds instead of the cradel, an' wint dancin' round the room, first on wan foot an' thin on the other, an' wiped me feet wid Molly's clane gownd, that was hangin' on the bed post.

Next mornin' me feet was all over a blister, but I managed to cripple down to the green grocer's shop, an' if I didn't give him such a goin' over as he never had afore nor since, thin me name isn't Pat Rooney, that's so. An' at last, to stop the row about his door, an' make it square wid me, he made me a prisint, of half a bushel of plums, an' got some stuff at the drug store for me feet, an' I wint home very near as well pleased as I did the night afore wid the "Yankee Orange."

CASSIE KIRKWOOD.

The other day, strolling along through the street,
A dismal young fellow I happened to meet ;
So soon as I saw him he started to cry ;
A white pocket handkerchief stuck to his eye.

Said I, " my dear fellow, pray tell me your grief,
Perhaps I may help you to find some relief ;
Has dad kicked the bucket ? your dear mother dead ?
Have sisters or brothers this weary world fled ? "

" Oh, no sir ! Oh, no sir ! I might have borne that,
But this dispensation has settled me flat ;
I eat not, I sleep not, I sigh all the day,
Because Cassie Kirkwood, dear Cassie's away."

I left him, and turning the corner around,
Came plump on a man lying stretched on the ground,
His body had just from the river been fished ;
The bystanders said the poor fellow was dished ;

But as I stood looking, he moved, gave a sneeze ;
Said, " Oh, will you just throw me in again please ; "
I would not live longer, I will not, I say !
Since sweet Cassie Kirkwood, dear Cassie's away."

Then up spoke a matron, an auld Scottish dame,
Said, I have a laddie lies deein' at hame,
Nae doctors, nae pills, his departure can stay,
Since that Cassie Kirkwood, the limmer's away.

Such weebegone faces, such heaving of sighs,
Such rubbing of noses, and wipping of eyes,
Such doleful lamenting, I hear all the day,
Since sweet Cassie Kirkwood, dear Cassie's away.

BEN WAGSTAFF'S HORSE.

Ben Wagstaff bought a horse ; not that he needed it, not because he was fond of equestrian exercise, but he had a fancy, a very strong fancy for the blooming daughter of one Deacon Rumbleton, and he had a rival for her affections in the person of Sam Sweetbough, the rich farmer's son, and the said Sam had a horse of his own on which he was in the habit of displaying himself to the admiring gaze of all the ladies, but more particularly that of the lovely Angelina, daughter of the said Deacon, and not to be outshone by Sam, Ben bought a horse.

He got him from Donald McArchie, the great horse trader of these parts, who told him that he was a good one, and as Ben said, "he ought to know." But in truth he had not much to recommend him ; he was long legged and gaunt ; his ribs were like a wash board ; his coat staring straight out ; a head as long as a flour barrel, and a tail like a rat ; a pair of big ears and a vicious look in his eye, and a shuffling gait, between a rack and a trot, that was like to dislocate the joints of his unfortunate rider. In fact his only saving quality was that he was young, and mischievous.

Ben took him home. Old Mrs. Jampot with whom he boarded had a little stable in her back yard, and here he housed him. Then he ran around and bought hay, and oats, and combs, and brushes, pitch fork, condition powders, and what not. Now taking off his coat and hat, he rolled up his sleeves and set to work to give him a good grooming.

While thus employed several neighbours dropped in to look at his purchase. One said he needed a bran mash and a dose of saltpetre ; another said, give him a little ashes in his feed and a little rosin ; another recommended antimony and ginger, while still another said all he needed to make him look tip top was plenty of hay and oats, with exercise and good grooming. Ben rather coincided with the last speaker, and continued to curry and scrub till the sweat dropped from the end of his nose. Then he leaned himself against the wall, and with folded arms stood admiring his purchase, and wondering how long a half a ton of hay would last at its present rate of disappearance, until summoned by his landlady to come to his tea. As it was a warm summer evening he left the stable door open to give him air, and taking his coat and hat, went wiping his face to the house. Ben felt tired that night, and retired early to his room, and as he sat by his bedside stripping off his stockings, he chuckled to himself as he thought how surprised Sam would be when he saw him on horseback, and with visions of prospective buggy rides with his lady love running through his head, he popped into bed. He slept soundly that night or he might have heard his charger kicking the boards off the stable. He dreamed that he was a knight of the olden time, and mounting his noble steed rode forth to rescue his lady love from the lordly castle where her jealous father kept her a prisoner. He reached the place ; all was silent and dark save a little taper light like a guiding star in one window. The drawbridge is up, but spurring on his steed he leaps the moat, and soon, by the help of a rope ladder, he reaches her window, and is tapping softly thereat when a voice is heard below, shouting, "Mr. Wagstaff ! Mr. Wagstaff ! come down here at once ; your wanted?"

It is the voice of her stern parent, is it?

No. He opens his eyes to find it is broad daylight in his little room, and the shrill voice of Mrs. Jampot rings up the stairway again with:—"Mr. Wagstaff! come down here, quick!"

Hurrying on his pants, Ben tumbled down stairs and Mrs. Jampot motioned him to the kitchen, where he sees his next neighbour, Mrs. Ripsizzle, who stands with gleaming eyes ready to open fire upon him.

"Oh! you're Mr. Wigglestick are you?"

"Wagstaff, madam, at your service," said Ben as he buttoned his suspenders.

"Wagstaff, or Wigglestick, its all the same, and I don't care which I call you; you miserable long-legged knock-kneed, red-headed fool! to bring that pesky critter of a horse here to break down my fence, and roll in my onion bed; to eat up my cabbages and drink my rain water; to tread all over my clean clothes, and into the nest of my settin' hen, and squash all the little innocent, unborn chickens to a fummy! And my Susan Jane left her crinoline hangin' out when she was a pickin' cherries, and now he's off down the street like a wild hyena with it ahangin around his neck! And a pretty figure the poor, sweet child will be without it, though as for that she will look as well as that stuck up Angeline Thingumbob that you'r abrakin' you'r neck runnin' after, though you'll never get her, Mr. Wigglestick! Oh it's well for you that I'm a poor, lone, defenceless woman, for if my Zazharia was alive he'd Zazk you till you hadn't a whole bone left in your body you insignificant pup! pup! I say, pup!"

Here she shook her fist in Ben's face and gasped for breath. Ben waited to hear no more but barefooted and

bareheaded started off at full speed down the street after his truant horse, greeted with shouts from the boys of "go it Ben!" "what's the bet!" etc., while ladies stuck their heads out of window to look and laugh.

"Ben heard them, but he heeded not, his heart was far away,
Where his rude horse with crinoline did play."

On he went at a spanking pace, until on reaching the corner where the two main streets of the village intersected he saw an old lady with a wagon, and a mare hitched to it, while a foal was making a circuit around it at a great pace followed by Ben's beautiful horse. The old lady was standing in the wagon holding the lines with one hand and slashing a whip at the horse with the other, while a crowd of little boys stood on the sidewalk shouting, "a circus! hurray! hurray! a circus! and old aunt Becky is the ring master."

At length the whip caught in the crinoline on the horses neck and was jerked from her hand. Then she grabbed a couple of eggs from a basket at her feet and smashed one on the horse, while Ben, who now came rushing up, received the other plump on his nose. The boys laughed and shouted, and people ran to their doors to see what the fuss was about. The old lady plumped down exhausted into her seat, and Ben never stopping to wipe the streaming egg from his face made a dart, and succeeded in grabbing his horse by the portion of the halter still on his head, and with anything but a happy expression of countenance turned to go home, when he met face to face with Deacon Rumbleton and his daughters in their carriage, taking an early start for town. The Deacon looked severely at Ben, but neither spoke nor smiled. The girls giggled at first, and then as they realized

the full comicality of the scene they fairly squealed with laughter, notwithstanding the Deacon's frowns and hushes.

Words cannot express Ben's chagrin, his wrath, and vexation at himself, his horse, the girls, Mrs. Ripsizzle, the old lady with the eggs, and in fact things in general came in for a fair share of vituperation. He snatched the crinoline from the horse's neck and threw it savagely on to a roof of a house. He kicked the horse with his bare feet and nearly broke his big toe, and while his face was twined to a most hideous grimace with the pain, he became aware that the nice young lady who gave him a rose one day was looking at him over the garden fence. Hurrying on he took the brute to the stable and secured him, and as soon as possible took him back to Donald McArchie and gave him ten dollars to take him off his hands ; he paid Mrs. Ripsizzle five dollars damages, and settling his board bill, removed to a distant town out of hearing of the jeers of his neighbours, and never could be induced to buy another horse.

LINES TO A CAT.

Hail, glorious warbler of the night !
Thine eyeballs green, thy tail upright,
Thy feats gymnastic—
Induce my muse to sing thy praise,
In tuneful and admiring lays,
Enthusiastic !

I love to hear thy plaintive cry,
From shingled roof or fences high,
In variations ;
Or see thee dance a polka wild,
With Madam Puss or Tabby's child,
With fine gyrations.

Oh, darling minstrel ! what a shame,
For cruel man thy song to *blame*,
And go to, "scatting !"
Or jump from out his downy bed,
And start at thy devoted head,
A vile brickbatting.

Sing on, thou blessed critter ! sing !
Till round and round thy note shall ring,
Through hall and passage ;
And when thy voice is hushed at last,
When duet, quartette, all are past,
We'll have a sausage.

WANTED A HUSBAND.

(EXTRACTS FROM AN EXTRACTED LETTER.)

DEAR DANIEL,—I have jest hearn tell of you ; and folks tell me that you want a wife ; and I want a husband, the worst kind ! Don't understand me contrarywise. I mean that I want a good man pretty bad. Well I declare ! I do mean that I want to find a good man and hitch on right off. I've been a widder now nigh onto forty year, and I'm a gettin tired of single life. I shant put in another winter without some one's legs to warm my poor cold feet on, if I can help myself.

I hear you want a rich wife, and I think that I would ezzactly suit, I have a fifty acre farm here near Oakland Holler, as rich as mud ; but my mizzeble gran'son has got so old he can't work it no more. I guess you can work it. Folks do say that you be lazy though, but don't let that discourage you ; I can broomstick that out of you pretty quick.

My first husband was a poor shiffless, lazy critter, and I had him just amost cured when the dratted critter died one day. Sell your place up there and bring the money to me, I'll take care on't. Don't bring none of your young ones, let them shift for themselves. I'd rather raise pigs, they dont squeal no more and are more profit. I send you my picter in this, which the man said as how it was a good one, but I'm blessed if I think so. I believe he swopped mine

for some old woman's picter in a mistake. I haint got no sich nose as that ere, and I think I ought to know, for I've ben a takin' snuff to it night and day for the last twenty-five year. Come then, dear Daniel; delays is dangerous; now's your time. Ole Hiram Squiggins winked at me in meetin' last Sunday; leastways I think he did, (though it might have been a fly in his eye) and he is a decent spectable man is Hiram; and pretty well off, though I don't ezzactly like that long back of his, which allers has the rheumatis a runnin' up and down it, and a bottle of Huff's liniment don't go no distance onto it at all, as he says his own self and me to be a rubbin' of it. Don't look nowhere else but come right along, Your's expectfully

SUSAN WHIRTLEDIPPER.

THE MAPLETON GIRLS.

To the Editor of the "Weekly Sap-Bucket."

SIR,—I noticed in your paper of the other week, that some chap from that rusty locality, known as St. George, goes into raptures over the imagined beauty of the young ladies of his vicinity. Now, Sir, it is evident that the poor deluded young man has never been far from his mother's knee, or he would not challenge the world to a comparison. I do not wish to disparage the St. George girls at all ; they are good, sensible, every-day creatures, and will make good wives no doubt, but I know, Mr. Editor, and you know, that our Mapleton girls can outshine them as the glorious sun outshines the light of the little tallow dip, (sixteen to the pound.)

I do not propose to give an inventory of their charms, nor go into raptures over their eyes, noses, lips, cheeks, hair, etc., but will only cite a few stubborn facts, to show what effect their beauty has had upon strangers who have happened our way. About a year ago, a young man from St. George was walking through our town, and saw a young lady sweeping a door yard.

He was galvanized at once. He had never seen such loveliness in the course of his short and unsophisticated life, and he lopped up against the fence, and with open eyes and mouth, basked in the sunshine of her beauty like a young cooster on the sunny side of a barn in the first warm days

of spring. Presently a sliver from her broom flew through the fence.

He snatched it up and placed it in his bosom, under the shirt. But the young woman did not like being stared at in such a fashion, and she skipped into the house, and slammed to the door. At ten o'clock in the evening St. George was still there, writing love verses on the fence, and was taken in charge by the town constable. Case second—A young quaker from Norwich, started on horseback, dressed in his best apparel, to visit some friends near Ancaster. He stopped at Mapleton to feed his horse, and get his dinner. He sat down at the hotel window. Presently one of our girls came flitting by ; he was delighted. Soon another came past, and he thought her an angel ; and he continued to sit at that window and watch each succeeding flash of loveliness, until his hotel bill exhausted all his ready money. Then he sold his horse, and bribed little boys with quarters to tell him the names of the dear creatures until his memorandum book was full and his pocket empty. Next he sold his hat, he sold his pants, he sold each boot and stocking, and left his poor young quaker legs in nudity most shocking.

But little did he care as long as the portion of his body that appeared above the window sill was dressed in faultless array, and the girls continued to go smiling past.

At length his father traced him out, and took him home, wrapped in a horse blanket. The last I saw of him he was holding his blanket in pucker with one hand, and throwing back kisses with the other as he left the town.

Case third.—A man from near Upper Bungleton has rented a vacant lot opposite the house of one of our belles, and may be seen at almost any moment of the day or

night, sitting at the door of his little seven by nine board shanty, with one eye fastened on the knob of the opposite door, and the other flickering about the windows, watching for a glimpse of his fair enslaver.

Our heads of families complain that their daughters are so much occupied in listening to offers of marriage that they have but little time for household duties, and the wear and tear of knockers, bells, and door mats, is becoming a serious consideration. As some of your gentle readers may feel inclined to doubt the truth of these statements, I append the following certificate from an eminent J.P.

Mapleton, May 14th, 1874.

This may certify, that the writer of the foregoing article is a man of *unbounded* veracity. He was never known to tell a lie but once, and that was when Uncle Peter Swigglebinker asked him if he was the fellow that his daughter Jemima kissed behind the door, and he said that he was not.

Signed,

SOLOMON SQUATLEGS, J.P.

JERRY JONES.

A ROMANCE OF MT. PLEASANT.

It was a beautiful evening in January. The full moon shone bright and clear as the bottom of a new tin milk pan, and shed her mellow light over the snow clad fields and rail fences that surrounded the quiet village of Mt. Pleasant. The wind that had blown fierce and cold all day was now gone to sleep down in the Indian woods of Tuscarora, and no sound broke upon the ear save the distant bark of some lonesome dog; the jingling bells on the teams of the returning wood haulers and the doleful whistling of one lone pedestrain, who might have been seen wending his way along the narrow beaten track that led from Eadies' store to his own and his widowed mother's dwelling. With one hand he carried a three-quart pail of golden syrup, and the other grasped the tail of a dry codfish. One of his side coat pockets contained a five cent bunch of matches, and the other a package of the "Twin Brothers' Yeast." Around his youthful neck was wound a scarlet muffler, and on his manly brow sat a bran new fur cap, and yet that brow bore traces of sorrow; and when he quit whistling and allowed his mouth to settle back to its usual broad expanse, there was a looping down at the corners that told of sadness somewhere behind it.

Alas! poor Jerry! His youthful affections flitted hither and thither like a flock of hungry birds, but had been

driven off like crows from a corn field, until they lit on the gentle Amanda Jane, and were fed on the tenderest morsels of love until interrupted by a stern parent's rage. But we will not anticipate. Arrived at his own door, he brushed the snow from his number ten cowhides and entered. The fire was burning gayly in the old cookstove, and there came from the oven thereof the savory smell of mince pies ; and on a table in one corner were ranged some tempting loaves of homemade bread, bearing witness to his mother's skill in housewifery. Putting down his store goods and hanging up his cap and muffler, he seated himself on a splint bottomed chair by the fire, and resting his elbows on his knees covered his tender young, carrotty whiskers with his big brown hands. He allowed one sky blue eye to gaze out of the window, with a dreamy, reflective expression, and the other seemed to settle upon his mother as she stood scraping her bake board at the table opposite.

"Jerrmi ! put another stick of wood in that stove !" said the old lady. "I won't git them pies baked to night ! Dear me how my back does ache ! and my legs pain me so I can't hardly stand ! It does seem as though I must give up. I should think you might git a girl somewhere."

"Mother," said Jerry, "I've looked far and near for one; clear round by Boston and Oakland Holler, and over to Scotland, hither and thither, 'til I am sick of the job, and I can't find one. You know youself how hard they are to get ; of course there's lots of girls, but they don't want to work out. Mr. Appleby told me the other day, that he'd been a runnin' most of the time for two weeks, huntin' one, and his wife and baby sick all the time, so you see we ain't so bad off as some."

"Oh no ! there's nothing ails me of course ; and so long

as I can get your meals and wash your clothes it's all right ! But I tell you I can't stand it much longer, and I won't ; so there !" and she snatched up a dish cloth and gave it an angry snap. Jerry said nothing, but taking up a stick from beneath the stove, he got out his knife and began to whittle. And the widow, after examining her pies and washing the dough from her hands, got out her knitting work and flopping herself down into a rocking chair, began to rock and knit with the air of a martyr. After a while she spoke again :

" Well, now, look here, Jerrmi, if you can't git a girl to work for wages why don't you marry one ? I've heard lots of men say that they could git a wife far easier than a hired girl ; so why don't you try it ? "

" I have tried," said poor Jerry, sadly. " First, there was that young school marm. I got acquainted with her over in Burford ; she sacked me because I spelled 'love' with a 'u' in it, and said if that was all I knew about love I might go to Jericho. Then I got to goin' with that Thomson girl, and just as I had made up my mind to ask her to marry me, along came that Sam Dean and cut me out. And now I'm dead in love with Squire Allan's daughter, Amandy Jane, and the old feller won't let me come near the house, and has forbid her to speak to me, because I voted for Hincks when he wanted me to vote for Paterson."

Jerry sighed as he thought of Amanda Jane's black eyes and rosy cheeks, and of all the smiles and pleasant words she had bestowed on him in the happy days before the election.

Just then a sleigh came down the road and stopped before the house, and a voice shouted, " Jerry, Jerry, come out here."

Jerry pulled on his boots and went out to find his friend, young Pete Porkholder, waiting for him with a letter in his hand.

"Here," said he in a big whisper, "is a letter I got from Amandy Jane; I saw her in Brantford to-day; she asked me if I knowed how you was, and said she would like if I would give you this, and not trust it to any one else. And her sister 'Liza was along with her. What a nice gal she is too! Good night, Jerry!"

"Good night, Pete."

Jerry returned to the house, and going to the light read as follows:

DEAR JERRY,—Father and mother are going to St. George next Thursday and won't be back till near midnight. There will be no one at home but me and 'Liza and old Jake, the hired man, and he's Hinx. Can't you come over and stay awhile and bring Pete with you to talk to 'Liza.

Yours ever,

AMANDA JANE ALLAN.

Jerry's face brightened as he read, and when he got through he smiled extensively. Then he read it again and smiled with still greater enterprise. Then he put it in his pocket and sat down and told his mother about it. Then he got up and read it again, and finally he went to bed and smiled himself to sleep.

Thursday afternoon Jerry drove his horse and cutter down to Pete's father's, and he and Pete went over to Allan's together. As they drove up the lane to the house they could see a light in the parlor and hear the girls singing. Pete nudged Jerry and said, "Won't we have a good time?"

and Jerry nudged Pete and said, "Won't we dough!" Old Jake was at the barn finishing up his chores for the night and showed them where to put their horse. They each gave him a "quarter" and a sly wink, and then they went to the house, and were soon sitting by the table doing justice to a nice supper, and basking in the smiles of the two pretty girls.

In the meantime a mischievous lad of the next neighbors who had seen Pete and Jerry go to the house, and divined their errand, took it into his head to play a good joke on them, so he slipped up to the barnyard and caught an old mare about the same size and color as Jerry's horse, and taking her into the stable, he slipped the harness from Jerry's horse and put it on her. Then he led the horse into a back stall and tied the old mare in his place.

"Now," said he, "them boys is so sly they won't bring out a light when they go away, and the moon will be down, so they can't know a horse from a cow, hardly, and they'll take the old mare home and leave their horse. Oh, Harry! won't there be a row when the old man, Allan, comes back; and the girls trying to look as innocent as twin lambs!" And he closed the stable door and went home grinning.

About ten o'clock Pete and Jerry bid the girls a fond farewell, and leading out the old mare hitched her to the cutter and started.

"Seems to me your horse is just a little lazy. Ain't he?" said Pete.

"No, he ain't lazy," said Jerry; "but he acts queer, somehow. I guess he's like ourselves, Pete; he's in no hurry to leave the place."

They both laughed quietly, and then they congratulated each other on the good time they had had. "And the old man won't know anything about it," said Jerry.



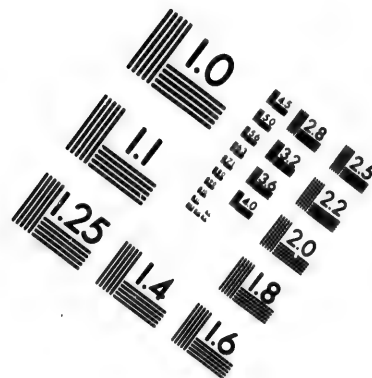
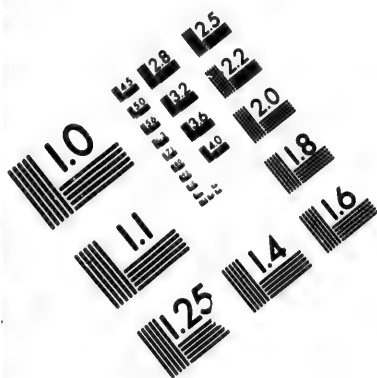


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



"Not a word," said Pete.

After a little they got talking about horses.

"That's a good team of Dick Willson's," said Pete.

"Yes, tolerable fair," said Jerry; "but they can't draw the load that mine can. I wouldn't be afraid to bet that this horse would draw forty cutters up such a hill as this."

"Not forty, Jerry, surely."

"Yes, forty; but empty of course."

Now the old mare was inclined to be baulkey at all times, but more especially now that she had been idle some time; so when she got about half way up she stopped.

"Git up," said Jerry.

She did not budge an inch, but commenced a retrograde movement.

Pete laughed and said something about forty cutters, and Jerry got mad and stood up and slashed her with the end of the lines, as he had no whip; and then she began to kick and run back worse than ever.

"Beats all!" said Jerry; "I never saw him act so before. Take him by the head, Pete, quick, or he'll have us over the bank!"

Pete jumped out, but before he could reach her head she ran the cutter over the bank, and she and Jerry and the cutter were all tumbled into a heap in the deep snow. Pete jumped down, unhitched the traces, and the old mare got up and shook herself. So did Jerry.

Then they tied her to the rail fence beside them, and between them they got the cutter up into the road again; and then they said while they were at it they might as well take it to the top of the hill themselves. So they tugged it up and then brought up the mare and hitched her in again, and finally got home all right without finding out about their involuntary horse trade.

Shortly after they were gone the old man got a light and went to put out his horses. "Hello!" said he as he opened the door and looked into the stable, "Who's here? let me see; bay horse, white hind feet, round nose. By the livin' it's that young Jerry Jones, the stinkin' Tory, come sneakin' round here when I'm away! No harness on the hoss, oh I see! The young rascal has come on horseback so as not to leave any sleigh tracks; didn't think I'd be home so soon, I suppose. I'll soon rout him out, or my name ain't John Allan, that's all!" So, saying he quietly put his horses in the stable, muttering vengeance all the while, and then went into the house and as soon as he entered he said in a voice that he thought would make them all tremble.

"I wan't to know where that young Jones is?"

"Which Jones?" said Amanda Jane, coolly.

"Why that sneakin', red headed, good-for-nothin' lummux, *Jerry Jones!*"

"Well, I suppose, he is in bed at home about this time," said Amanda Jane, and glanced at the old clock that was pointing to the hour of eleven.

"Now, you can't fool me," said the Squire. "His horse is in the stable and if he's in this house, I'm agoing to find him, and if I don't hist him out on the end of my toe then call me a Tory, that's all!" And snatching up a light he marched into the parlor and peeped under the sofa, then in turn he ransacked the dining room and all the bed rooms, high and low, under the beds and in the closets, down cellar and up in the garret, but no Jerry could he find.

"Confound him! he's slipped out to the stable for his horse. I should have had Jake to watch the door!" and out he turned in a hurry to the stable, but there stood the horse, as before, quietly munching good old Reform hay.

"Now," said the Squire to himself, "I'll just sit down here and wait till he comes."

So he got a pitchfork in his hands, and seated himself on the bottom of a half bushel measure by the door, smiling grimly as he thought of the crack on the head he would give him when he should appear.

In the meantime the girls had gone to bed, and the old lady, after waiting about an hour, began to feel anxious about the old man. So she slipped on an old coat and hat of his that hung in the kitchen and went out to find him. The Squire heard the step coming and spit on his hands. The door was soon pulled open, and a head and shoulders entered. Down came the fork with a will, and the old lady yelled with pain and the Squire echoed her yell.

"You old fool!" said she.

"You old fool!" said he.

"Oh, my head!" said she; "and to think that you should hit me so, and then mock and make fun of me!" and she burst into sobs.

"I ain't makin' fun of you," said he, "I've stuck the times of the fork into my leg clear to the bone! Let's go to the house quick," and clutching his wife by the arm he hurried her in.

Next morning the old couple were sitting, one on either side of the stove; the old man with his sore leg resting on a chair, and a bottle of liniment beside it, and the old lady with a white bandage round her head, and a very unhappy expression of countenance, when their neighbor—Mr. Clemens—entered.

"What! what!" said he, "sore head, sore leg! How did you get hurt? did the horses run away? tell me all about it!"

"No, the horses didn't run away," said the squire, "and I'll tell you how we got hurt if you promise to keep it to yourself."

"Yes, I should think you *would* be ashamed to have everybody know what a fool you made of yourself, John Allan!" said the old lady.

The Squire took no notice of this speech from his spouse, and Mr. Clemens, having helped himself to a big apple from the table, took a seat by the fire, and the Squire proceeded to relate his last night's adventures, trying to excuse himself as well as he could, but evidently somehow ashamed of himself.

When he had concluded, Mr. Clemens sat in silence while he disposed of the remainder of his apple, and when he had swallowed the last bite he wheeled around so as to face the Squire; and looking him right in the eyes he said.

"Squire Allan! did you make any objections to Jerry's coming here in the first place—I mean before you had any fuss with him?"

"No."

"You thought he was a pretty decent sort of a boy, and not a bad match for your daughter?"

"Well, yes—maybe so."

"And the young folks were fond of each other?"

"Don't know nothin' about that."

"No doubt they were, and felt bad at being parted, especially after being encouraged in the first place."

"Well, he should have behaved himself, and not made a fool of himself by votin' for that old Hincks."

"Hold on, now, Squire; don't get in a passion. Jerry's father was a decent man and a good neighbour, though he was what you call a Tory."

'He lent us twenty dollars once when we were goin' to be sued, and wouldn't take a cent of interest," broke in the old lady.

"And he brought up his boy to believe the same as himself," continued Mr. Clemens, "and no doubt Jerry thought he was right when he told you that Hincks was just as good as Paterson; and I tell you, Squire Allan, between you and me, men may call themselves Reformers and Conservatives, but there's very little difference between them, and when they get into Parliament they all act about alike, and it's a great pity that we have so many elections, getting neighbours by the ears and calling each other hard names because they don't all vote alike. Now, I don't approve of children disobeying their parents as a general thing, for the old folks are most always the best judges of what is prudent and wise; but in this case I must say that I don't blame them much, and if you take my advice you will send for Jerry and shake hands with him."

"No, be-hanged if I do," said the Squire.

"Well if he comes again you won't kick him out?"

"Not while my leg is so sore;" and he made a wry face.

"Well then," said Mr. Clemens to Amanda Jane, who had come into the room and was looking out of the window, "you had better send for Jerry right off and hide the liniment, Amanda Jane." And he laughed long and loud and poked the Squire in the ribs until at length he joined in, and even the old lady smiled.

Just then Jerry drove up the lane and past the house on his way to the stable, as fast as he could make the old mare go, but they saw him go by, and Mr. Clemens said, "Go and bring him in, Amanda Jane! Eh? Squire, you don't object?"

"I don't care," said the Squire.

Jerry looked into the stable, and seeing his own horse there all right, and seeing no one about, was hurrying to make the exchange and be off, when Amanda Jane came out to him.

"Hello! sweetheart, how's this?" said Jerry; "didn't the old folks come home last night?"

"There, there! Jerry, that will do. Some one will see us; yes, they did come home, and father wants to see you."

"Wants to see *me*?" said Jerry. "Wants to give me a good scolding, and order me off again, I suppose. So I'd better hitch in my own horse, to be ready for a lively start. I wonder who on earth played that trick on me last night, changing the horses?"

"I don't know Jerry. You'll come in, won't you? Don't hitch in your horse yet," and away she flitted.

Jerry was sorely puzzled to know what it all meant, but he soon followed her to the house, and did not come out again until after dinner, and then he went straight to his friend Pete, and engaged him to stand up at the wedding along with Liza.

MR. JOHN JACKSON GOES TO HEAR THE MOR-
MON MISSIONARY, AND MRS. J. J. GIVES
HIM A TALKING TO.

"Oh, you needn't think you are a-going to fool me, Mr. Jackson, pulling off your boots on the door-step, and sneaking around that way; I know what time it is, and a nice time too for a man of *your* age to be coming home, and after complaining of a cold all the week too. I wonder you haven't more sense, you stupid old creature."

"You aint as old as *I* am? How can you say so, when you know very well that I could prove my age by father's family Bible, if the register hadn't been torn out."

"Who tore it out? Don't ask me!"

"Don't put your cold feet near me, you old Greenlander. If you'd kept your feet in the bosom of your family, they wouldn't be cold now. Where have you been, I'd like to know, eh? John! say! John! John Jackson! Oh, you aint asleep yet, so you needn't snore. Come, now, tell me! No, I aint boring auger-holes with my elbows; but I want o know where you've been."

"What's that you say? You just went, out of curiosity, with Mason, to hear the Mormon preacher."

"No, I won't lie down and keep quiet."

"I see through it all, John Jackson, you hoary-headed old sinner! you want to become a Mormon and marry Mason's daughter,—that tallow-faced, stuck-up hussy that

you were making love to at the social the other night. You didn't make love to her? Now, don't tell *me*; I aint blind! and what made her hang around you so, with plate after plate of this thing and that thing? and such smiles and goings on, it made me sick to see it. I wasn't very sick when I drank six cups of tea? I didn't drink it! and if I did, I wasn't aware of it; I was so put out. And I'm nearly wild now! Oh, you wretch! to dare think of such a thing as committing jigamy! What's jigamy? why, having two wives at once, stupid! Oh, it's *bigamy*, is it? Maybe you'd better get up and write it down for me, and then paste it on your ugly bald head, so all the world will know what you're up to. You might have waited 'til I was laid in my poor, lonely, forgotten grave; and I'm sure I can't last much longer, the life I lead with you! No, I *won't* shut up; I'll say what I like, and I want you to understand that if you're going to be a *saint*, I'll never be one. What's that you say? Not likely? John Jackson, you're nothing but a premeditated old Turk; and any man of your age, and the father of a family, to think of joining them abominable Mormons, ought to be swallowed alive by an alligator."

"You don't think of joining them? Now, don't tell me! And how do you think you're going to keep—goodness knows how many—wives and babies? you that don't half provide for what you have now."

"What are they a-suffering for? How can you have the face to ask me, when you know very well that Emma Jane has been begging for a piano ever since she got on long dresses."

"Precious long they are too? well, they aint so long as that Mason girl's, anyway; and as for me, I haven't had a

new bonnet this year, yet ; and Charlie asked me just the other day for a watch and a gold ring, like other boys of his age, and my heart bled to refuse him. But I never expect to have things like other folks ; and after toiling and moiling all these years 'til I'm just worked down to skin and bone. Just look at me now and the day you got me, John Jackson ! It aint the work, but my temper ? My temper isn't half as bad as yours, you tyrannical old tom-cat ! Yes, I *will* slap my fists down on the pillow, just as close to your head as I like, and if you had some women to deal with, you'd have that big nose of yours flattened quicker'n lightning ! Mormon preaching, indeed ! I'll bet you didn't see my brother Will there. He has more sense in his little finger than all the Jackson's you could stand betwixt here and Salt Lake."

"My stars ! what will pa say when he hears of this ! What's that ? pa was there, in the front rank ? Go to sleep, you fool, and don't keep me awake all night with your clatter."

TASTES AND PROPENSITIES.

Every one has his (or her) peculiarities of tastes and propensities. In fact I think it would be difficult to find two people who think and act alike, as two whose features are exactly similar. And it may not only give us a passing entertainment to glance at a few of them, but may possibly do some good by letting us "see ourselves as others see us."

There is our friend, Keynote, to begin with. How enthusiastic he is about music. How he will stretch his mouth and throw his head back and let his whole soul flow out in sweet strains, while his next neighbor, who does not know one note from another, would as soon hear the noise of a fanning-mill as his choicest efforts. But I envy Keynote the possession of such a talent, for I love dearly to hear good music, and the man or woman who possess such a talent, has not only a source of self-amusement, but a power over the feelings of others that can scarcely be imagined.

Closely allied to the love of music is the love of the beauties of nature, and the man who delights in waving woods, and nodding flowers, in rippling brooks and twinkling stars, in the song of the free wild birds, and the artless laughter of innocent children, and sees the hand of God in everything, is one whom you may safely make your friend.

Some have a taste for the fine arts, and will linger with delighted gaze over a triumph of the artist's skill in the shape of a beautiful landscape or a fair face on canvass, and if

their purses will admit of it, they delight to adorn their homes with such treasures, while others would rather see a fat steer or pig, than the efforts of a Rubens or a Rembrant.

Some people are argumentative, always taking the opposite side of any question that is started, just to have a good wrangle. Take for instance an old Scotchman when he is about half tipsy, and he can argue on religion till his opponent is vanquished or he himself falls asleep.

Some are great on politics. They relish the spicy dishes that are served up to them in the newspapers, and as they generally only read on one side, they become both bigoted and intolerant, and are so crammed almost to bursting with one set of ideas that their whole system seems to be in sympathy with their warped brains, and they almost shudder when their hand is grasped by a fellow being of a different political stripe.

Another man is all horse, and can talk of nothing else. That horse of his is the fastest critter on the road, and how he delights to expatiate on every good point, and if he can trot past his neighbor's fast horse he feels as much pride as the general who has won a great battle. See him as he comes down the road, his feet braced against the dash-board, the lines grasped firmly in both hands, his body thrown back as though it took a mighty effort to keep his steed in check, and as he glances quickly to the right and left upon the humble pedestrians, his eye plainly says that he considers himself to be a man of consequence; and yet after all it is the horse, and not he, who is smart.

Then there is old Powderfly, the mighty hunter. What yarns he can tell about his exploits with his dog and gun, and what delight he takes in the woods. Well, I don't wonder at his taking pleasure in roaming through the

forest at certain seasons of the year, when the leaves are green and the birds are piping in the early summer ; or when Autumn has carpeted the ground with a thick covering of crisp brown leaves, and the squirrels are having a gay time among the nuts, but when he calls it sport to shoot a little, lean partridge, or chase all day through the slushy snow after a draggled fox, and lose him at night, I must confess that I cannot see where the sport comes in.

The money grub takes his pleasure in laying up gold or its equivalent, and all the finer feelings of his nature are sacrificed to this one end. He allows himself none of the little luxuries of life, and the only training he gives his mind is to sharpen his wits so as to get the best of a bargain, and as his pile grows bigger, he grows more greedy, till at length the whole world would not satisfy his lust for gain, and so he lives on to the end of his life, and then leaves it behind for the next generation to squander.

Many people have a dislike for hard labor, and seem to ignore the fact that by the sweat of their brow they shall earn their bread. Do we not find a scarcity of working men, while the so-called genteel occupations are full to overflowing, and scores of young men are wasting their best days loitering about, a burden to their friends, waiting for an easy berth to turn up, rather than put down their hands to some honest employment, and taste how sweet is the bread earned with one's own labor.

Some have a great fancy for fine clothes and other personal adornments. Look at young Charles Augustus FitzBluejay as he comes swaggering down the street, tricked out in a faultless suit of clothes, with rings, chain, pin, cane, gloves, and shining boots, and his hat tipped gracefully on one side of his oily head. What airs he gives himself, what

killing glances he bestows upon the ladies, and how the tip of his stuck-up nose is elevated at the sight of a labouring man in soiled garments, who perhaps in manliness of person and sterling worth would far surpass him.

Then there is the lover of good living. What delight he takes in gorging himself with the fat of the land, and how he chuckles inwardly at the thought of a coming feast. I once knew a man who devoured the greater part of a pie with 18 pigeons in it for dinner, and rolled on a barn floor in misery the rest of the day; and a friend of mine once told me of an Englishman he knew, who upon his death-bed remarked that it was "too bad a man should have to die and leave so much good wittles."

Others have an unfortunate hankering after strong liquors, and this taste, when it becomes deeply rooted, will almost invariably lead a man to neglect everything, and bring him to an untimely and miserable end.

Now I have run hurriedly over a few of the most prominent tastes and propensities of the human race, and as it would be next to impossible to notice them all, I will conclude by hoping that we may all cultivate a taste for that which is good, and pure, and beautiful, and shun all that is gross, impure and bad.

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

Love ! What a fertile theme ! What volumes have been written, what oceans of ink have been spread over fields of snowy paper, describing love. If all the paper that has been covered with tales and songs of love were gathered together it would make a pile, mile wide and mountain high, and if all the breath that has been spent whispering the sweet words into the ear of beauty could be gathered together into one mighty breeze, it would be sufficient to waft a stately ship right across the broad bosom of the vast Atlantic. And still the words are spoken, still the nimble pen flies on its course, the printer's fingers are ever busy weaving the old, old words into some new story, and the eager eyes are ever reading, reading with undiminished delight. At what time of life the dawnings of love first began to glimmer over the heart it is hard to tell, but boys and girls have their loves, the memory of which will long endure, and one of the best poems ever written is that which the poet Motherwell addresses to the sweetheart of his school days after long years of separation. He says :

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings far or near
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst from this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it runs,
The love of life's young day.

Oh, dear, dear Jennie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face nor heard
The music of your tongue.
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I be,
Did I but ken you sometimes thought
Of bygone days and me.

In the garden of the heart there is a spot set apart for love, and there it should be planted. A smile, a touch of the hand, a word, a sigh, a tear, a kiss, will be to it like showers on the thirsty grass, and will nourish it into a beautiful flower, that will be the joy and fragrance of a lifetime. But if it never takes root, the ground is fertile, and if the lovely rose is not planted, thistles and briars will spring up instead. If you find not there the bright golden wheat, you will surely find the chess and smut ! And if the heart be not kept pure and sweet by the presence of that which is good and beautiful, it may become a perfect sewer of uncleanness from which we will turn with loathing and disgust. But, oh, pity the heart that carries ever within, a broken, blighted, slighted love ; and ye who are in the hey-day of youth and beauty take heed how in your giddy thoughtlessness ye set a cruel foot upon the flower that is laid in your path. Some say that such wounds are soon cured. But it is not always so, and love is not like a summer garment to be slipped on and off at pleasure.

"Love ! what is it ? Where is the learned philosopher who shall analyze it ? It is gentle and yet strong. It will stretch silken cords across the mighty deep and draw the wanderer home. It will stay up the hands to unremitting, unrepining toil. It will nerve the manly heart to dauntless deeds of daring, and will even go down into the valley of death to shield its darling idol."

And now I come to Courtship. Sweet time, happy time!—queer thing is courtship. How many miffs and tiffs, how many reconciliations, how many hundred sighs and smiles, how much ecstasy, how much jealousy, how much constancy, and how much happiness; how many whispers, how many kisses, how many tears, how much nonsense, and how much sense, how many love letters, how many pictures, and how many locks of hair, how many dreams—both sleeping and waking, how many castles in the air, in half a dozen courtships?

In all ages of the world man has ever been inclined to go forth and seek out a partner to share the joys and trials of his life, and gentle, lovely woman may be compared to the vine by the brook side, that delights to cling to the sturdy trunk of some neighboring tree for support and protection. It is not good for man to be alone, else God would have left him alone, and I can hardly imagine a more unattractive being than a miserable, selfish, confirmed, woman-despising old Bachelor.

As for the old maids, poor souls, they are not to blame and should not be despised, and when women's rights are fully established, and the ladies are allowed to go courting as well as the men (and why not?), then a better day will shine upon them. But I am sorry to say that courtships are not as common as they should be. There are plenty of meaningless flirtations, but real earnest lovers are not as plenty as they were. The world sets so much upon *style* (how I hate that word), and it costs so much to keep it up, that men are afraid of the very expensive luxury of a dressy wife and an establishment beyond their means. If the ladies would only stop and ask themselves what they gain by extravagance in dress, I am sure their good sense would

point out a different course. To a sensible man a woman looks just as pretty in a clean print dress, as in the most expensive silk or satin, and if a man be fool enough to wish to see you dressed better than you can afford, or better than he can afford to dress you, you are better without him. And yet I would not lay all the blame on the ladies, for truth to tell I believe there is an inclination on the part of young men to a shirking of honest, manly toil, and the responsibilities of life that cannot but be deplored.

Before leaving this part of my subject I must notice the peculiarities of taste in the way of choosing mates. Tall men generally fancy short women, and short little men delight in strapping big wives. Dark and fair, handsome and plain, go together, and it is best that tastes should so run, else we would have separate races of giants and dwarfs, of blondes and browns, of beauties and uglies. And is it not curious too that the woman or man whom one will think as homely as well can be, the next will think a Venus or an Adonis. As the old Indian said, it is well the world does not all think alike, else they would all be wanting my old squaw.

Of matrimony I will say but little. It is the fashion with most writers to stop when they get their heroes and heroines across the border, and safely landed in the state of matrimony, seldom caring to tell of the joys and sorrows, the cares and trials of a married life.

I will not say that an abundance of this world's goods is not to be desired, but the happiness of a married couple depends more on their own hearts than upon outward circumstances, and more on mutual love and forbearance than on stylish, expensive living ; and when industry, frugality, neatness and cheerfulness are wedded together, there is little to fear. Happiness may dwell in the log hut by the road-

side, when the husband goes forth to toil cheerfully, and the young wife goes about her household duties joining her voice merrily with the song of the free wild birds about the door, while the stately mansion may but be the abode of gilded misery, the lofty walls resound with sounds of discord and strife, and bitter words grate harsh upon the ear.

Better, far better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Happy, happy, is the home where love and matrimony dwell together, but oh! preserve us all from matrimony without love!

MARY THE MAID OF THE PLAIN.

(AIR JESSIE THE FLOWER OF DUMBLANE).

The sun rises bright o'er the banks of Grand River
And blithely he shines through my own window pane
As cheerful I rise from my bachelor pillow
Still thinking of Mary, the maid of the plain.

All down through the orchard the spring birds are
singing
I throw up my window and join the refrain,
The robin sings loud to his mate mid the blossoms
And I sing of Mary, the maid of the plain.

Each dew drop that glistens among the green clover
Reminds me of Mary,—the light of her eyes—
And every red rose that I see in the garden
Is just like the cheeks and the lips that I prize.

The bold sun is kissing the sweet apple blossoms
That grow on the tree by the side of the lane
And my mother's son would just like to be kissing
The cheeks of sweet Mary, the maid of the plain.

I let my eyes wander a dozen miles over
And hither, and thither, again and again ;
And proudly I think that in all that they cover
There's none like my Mary, the maid of the plain

All lonely I live in this cot 'mid the meadows
But why live alone through the summer again?
I'll hie to my Mary, no longer I'll tarry
But tell all my love to the maid of the plain.

And should she but list to my long loving story,
My kisses shall fall like the pattering rain,
And ere you gay blossoms are formed into apples,
I'll marry young Mary the maid of the plain.

ABBY ST. CLAIR.

When spring, gentle spring time
With sunshine and flowers,
Came smiling to visit this fair land of ours ;
When streamlets rejoicing
From thralldom set free,
Kissed their green banks and ran off to the sea ;
When wild birds returning
Made vocal the air,
Then came to our valley sweet Abby St. Clair.

As rays of warm sunshine
Dissolve the cold snow,
And brighten some pathway wherever they go,
So Abby's kind glances
To young and to old
Brought smiles to sad faces, warmed hearts that were
cold,
And children ran races
Adown the green lane
The loving caresses of Abby to gain.

The brown thrush and robin
Sat high o'er the well,
Each striving the other in song to excel ;
But hushed all their music,
And silenced their song,

When Abby with pitcher came lilting along :
The birds sat enraptured,
With envious ear,
To listen the singing of Abby St. Clair.

Oh ! well I remember
The church by the wood,
Where weekly we listened to lessons of good ;
And well I remember
The bright days of yore
When blushing she entered the little church door.
And many kind hearts
Breathed a warm silent prayer
For blessings, and blessings, on Abby St. Clair.

When summer, glad summer,
Was come once again,
And breezes blew soft o'er the ripening grain ;
When youths and fair maidens,
Were met on the green
With innocent sports, and gay laughter between,
Mid all our blythe number
The happiest there—
The pride of the valley, was Abby St. Clair.

When autumn, brown autumn
Blew leaves round the door,
And squirrels ran swiftly to gather their store,
She bowed her fair head
Like a flower in frost,
And sadly we wept when our darling we lost.
Now cold winds of winter,
From fields that are bare,
Sigh sad o'er the grave of poor Abby St. Clair.

THE BROWN NOSE,

AND HOW I SOLD A SMALL PORTION OF IT FOR \$50,000.

My name is Brown, John Brown, and I belong to an ancient and distinguished family of Browns; noted not much for their valorous deeds on field and flood, not much for their aristocratic lineage (though it is traditional in the family that the original Brown came over in the very next boat after the Conqueror), not for their vast possessions or wonderful talent; but for a nose of the peculiar shape, styled by the great Poet Laureate, the "tip tilted;" but by the vulgar horde, the "snub" or "pug," with a strong upward tendency that seems to have increased through successive generations, until it has reached a state of perfection in that peculiar line of noses that admits of no improvement. And it was my fortune to inherit this nose in its most aggravated form.

By the older members of *our* Browns, this family nose was a source of pride and congratulation; and I can remember my uncle, Mortimer Brown, patting my curly head when I was a little chap, and remarking to my father, that I "would do! A regular Brown, sir! You don't see your butcher Browns nor your tin-peddler Browns with a nose like that."

There was one notable exception to the family nose, though, in the person of my uncle, Simon Brown, who had a hook-nose, the very reverse of the noses of his relatives;

and it was on account of some ridicule pointed at his nasal organ, that he waxed wroth, and being a bachelor, and wealthy, the others felt they had made a mess of it.

But the younger generation of Browns did not take so kindly to the paternal nose, and there was many a muttered wish that Brown stock in the nose line might become depressed.

When I was little, I did not mind it ; but when I got bigger and began to cultivate a downy moustache, and cast admiring looks at the ladies, I could not help but think that the smiles that greeted me were not always in response to the glance of my eye, but more often induced by a glance at my nose. How vexed I used to be, and how I would pull down the obnoxious feature when unobserved.

Then fancy what a fellow's feelings must have been, when strutting down the street with a young lady by his side, to have the boys stop their game of marbles and ask him if he had any "turnips" for sale ; or shout to each other, "Say, Bill ! that chap's nose and mustash are bad friends, aint they ?"

One summer, my sister, who was at boarding-school, sent word that she would bring a young lady friend home with her, to spend the holidays. I was all in a fever to see her, for I had often heard my sister speak highly of this particular friend of her's. Well, she was a bewitching creature ; the very picture of rosy health, and brimming full of fun and frolic ; always ready for chat and gay badinage, but fighting shy of anything approaching to love-making in earnest. I was not easily discouraged, and though I had no intention of marrying at once, I feared that if I lost the present opportunity of engaging her, I might lose her forever.

Just at this time there came a letter from my maternal

uncle Benson, who was a thriving grocer in a town some distance away, offering me a junior partnership in his business ; and as I had no very brilliant prospects in view, my parents thought it advisable that I should accept the offer, and start as soon as possible.

Next morning, after getting the letter, I happened to look down through the garden when I opened my window to let in the fresh air, and I saw Hattie sitting reading in a little summer-house, and I felt that now or never was my time. So as quickly as possible I was on my way down the garden walk, and ere she was aware of my coming, I was standing before her, and stammering out something by way of compliment, as I presented her with a rose I had just plucked for the purpose. She smiled, and taking off her little sailor hat, and was sticking it thereon, when I stumbled and floundered right into a proposal. She looked up, and with a gay, mischievous laugh, she just hung her little hat on my nose, and ran to the house. I was terribly vexed, and wrath for the time got the better of love. I did not see her again, and started the same day for uncle Benson's. I was kindly received by my uncle, and duly installed into his office ; and jogging quietly along in the routine of business, the rough edge wore off my vexation at Hattie, and as I had no opportunity of seeing her, my heart—being no longer exposed to the bright rays that had set it in flame—began to cool off somewhat, and I could look back and smile over my little love affair, though I was not sufficiently cured to care for any other. And there was that nose of mine ; would I ever have the cheek to ask another lady to take it, "for better, for worse," when I knew very well that it never would be any *better*.

When I had been in Greenford about three years, my

uncle came into the office one morning, and said to me, "Your uncle, Simon Brown, is dead and buried, John; died a week ago last Monday. Perhaps you have had a letter from home, though?" "No;" I said, "I have not. Though, as there was little love between uncle Simon and the other members of the family connection, I suppose they may not think of apprizing me of the event."

"Well, he is gone," said uncle, "and died rich, and has made a most singular will."

"I don't suppose he has left me anything?" I said.

"No; I rather think not," said uncle, and he glanced at my nose in a comical way, that I could not account for at all.

"What is queer about his will, uncle Benson?" said my cousin Dick Jarvis, who was with us on a visit.

"Ha! ha! well, it is funny; but just like him, too. He leaves some pretty large sums to different friends, and then fifty thousand dollars, to be divided equally—at the end of three months from his death—among such of his nephews as shall show noses of their own that are turned down, and not turned up at the end. But providing that if, in the course of three months from the date of his death, no bona fide claimant or claimants shall make good his or their title to the bequest, then it shall be given to certain charitable institutions mentioned in his will."

"The old fellow knew very well," said uncle Benson, "that there is not a man or boy among his nephews who has a nose of the stipulated shape, and he just did this to tantalize his relatives. Provoking! is it not?"

"Well, I don't suppose I can unlock the treasure with my nose," said I, "so I might as well not think of it. Too bad, though!"

"Come, and take a walk," said Dick to me. "Now,"

said he, when we reached the street, "I have an idea that I can put you in the way of getting this fifty thousand dollars."

"How?"

"Well, you know I've been studying three years now, and have had some practice with the knife in the hospitals, and I think that I can fix that nose of yours, so it will pass the board."

"How?"

"Well, you see this centre-piece, called the cartilage, in my nose?"

"Yes."

"Now, suppose that I cut a piece out of it, the shape of the letter V, and drawing it down *so*, I stitch it fast; it would be the required shape, would it not?"

"But will it grow *fast*, and stay so? I'd be a pretty looking object with a gaping slit in my nose; and if any of the restraint were withdrawn, goodness knows where it might turn up to."

"I have no fear about the success of the operation," said Dick, "the only thing is to keep it quiet until the three months are nearly expired, so that none of the other young Browns will be trying the same experiment."

"Well, if we succeed, old fellow, I'll pay you handsomely; not only for the money's sake, but this nose of mine has been a sort of vexation to me, and I shall not be sorry to have it start on a new line."

"All right, John; I am sure I shall be thankful for a thousand or so out of your pile. It will enable me to set up in business on a footing that will attract custom; for people are in general more ready to help those who need it least. And, beside, there is a little girl who is waiting

patiently (bless her heart) until I shall be in a position to marry her."

"And when shall we set about it?"

"Right off; for the nose must be thoroughly fixed, and show no signs of the operation when you present yourself to claim the money. Though even if they were aware of it, I don't see how they could refuse to fork over, because it will be the required shape; there's no getting over that! and that is the only stipulation. You had better get leave of absence from uncle Benson, and we will go to some out-of-the-way place and board for a time. You can amuse yourself with shooting and fishing, and I will go on with my studies. We will perform the operation before settling down, so that people will not wonder at the transformation."

Next morning we started, and ere night the operation was performed; and when Dick held a glass before my face, I laughed heartily at my changed appearance, and thought to myself that no girl would ever hang her hat on that nose again, unless she first bored a hole in it.

Just a few days before the expiration of the three months' time given in uncle Simon's will, my beautiful aquiline nose appeared to his executors, and, backed up by strong credentials, I claimed the fifty thousand dollars. And when the stipulated time had fully expired, I got it.

I was soon on my way home, and was looking out of the car window, admiring the quickly-changing scenes presented to view, and building castles with my money. I would quit the grocery trade, and buy land. I would have a nice house, and beautiful shrubbery about it; a fine pair of horses, and—

"Is this seat taken?" said a female voice at my elbow.

I turned to look at the inquirer, and who should it be but

Hattie Flint, looking as fresh as a peach. I caught myself in time, and did not show that I recognized her, and stepping out into the passage I offered her the inside seat. She took it without seeming to know me, and it was scarcely to be wondered at, as I had grown to be a stout, bearded fellow, and then, the nose, you know !

After a time I ventured some trifling remark, and glancing at me, her face assumed a puzzled look, that afforded me much inward amusement. We continued to chat, and at length she said,—

“Excuse me, sir, but is your name Brown?”

“Yes.”

“John Brown? formerly of Hazleton? No, you can’t be; either; for he had a — — that is, he had different features somewhat.”

“I know the man you mean,” said I; “he had a peculiar nose. I am of the same race of Browns, and I suppose there is some resemblance.”

“He is living in Greenford, I believe,” said she. “Have you seen him lately?”

“I have not seen that peculiar nose for some time,” said I, and I laughed slightly. She did not join in the laugh but looked down and said, half to herself, “Poor Jack !” What a world of meaning in those two words. She was sorry for me, and perhaps had a lingering fondness for me yet, and I forgave her in my heart on the spot; but, for the fun of the thing, I resolved to act the part of a stranger.

After a time I ventured to ask her destination. She told me, naming the town I knew she used to live in; and I said I was going to the same place (though I had no previous intention of doing so), and asked if it was a pleasant part of the country, and told her that I wished to buy some farm

property. She praised the locality very much, and said she had heard her father speak of some fine places that were to be had at a sacrifice.

When we arrived at our destination, I resigned her to the care of a sprightly old gentleman who was in waiting for her, and bidding her "Good evening!" I took my valise in my hand and strolled down to the hotel, admiring the clean, picturesque little town as I went along. After partaking of an excellent tea, I got a cigar and sat out on the piazza, in the air of a balmy June evening, and as the smoke slowly curled around my head, indulged in pleasing reverie: I would win Hattie Flint if I could, for I felt the old flame returning, and realized that the old flame had never been extinguished, but had only been smouldering, and had burst out afresh, fanned into a flame by the breath of those two little words—Poor Jack!

But I fear that the story that set out to be funny, is now verging on the sentimental, and I must hurry it up to a close.

I dissolved partnership with uncle Benson, and bought a fine place near Hattie's native town, and having got acquainted with the Flint family, I made love at railroad speed, and—was rejected. But I found out the reason; it was "Poor Jack!" So I confessed the whole story, and she re-considered the matter; and Dick Jarvis, who is on a visit with us now, and has his wife along, says that next to his, I have got the nicest little woman in Canada.

LAY OF THE LAZY ONE.

Here I'm sitting, smoking, smoking,
Vanisheth my little hoard,
One by one, the dimes are going ;
Smoking will not pay my board.

Dunned I was this very morning,
Dunned, mayhap to-night again,
Something must turn up for Joseph,
Or I'm dead broke that is plain.

Down in yonder distant village
Dwells a widow, fat and fair,
Rich as mud, and free to marry,
How I wish that I were there !

Give me pen, and finest paper,
I will write to her at once ;
Moonshine I will turn to dollars,
Or you may call me a dunce.

*Dearest Lady, dost remember,
When we met some months ago,
How I loved to be beside you,
Thought the hours so short, you know.*

*Now the hours seem long and dreary :
Dark each day that o'er me flies,
Life seems dull, and sad, and weary,
Banished from your sunny eyes.*

*May I not again behold you,
Once more clasp your soft white hand,
And a true love tale unfold you,
Written not in lines of sand:*

*Do not think me mercenary ;
'Tis not for your wealth, I care ;
I could share the humblest cottage,
Work like slave, if you were there.*

There, by George ! if that don't please her
She's not made of common clay ;
That last verse will be a clincher—
Take the pen and ink away.

Hold ! I feel another stanza
Kicking round within my brain,
It must cradle with it's brothers—
Give me back that pen again.

*Many, many, weary miles, love
Stretch their length from here to there,
I would come, but times are tight love,
Send the stamps to pay my fare.*

Now, I've made a noble effort,
Laboured hard to win my bread,
Go, and bring a pillow hither,
And I'll rest my weary head.

There ! now drop the window curtain,
For a while let quiet be,
Then return, and gently, gently,
Waken me in time for tea.

THE QUAKER'S BRIDE.

A Ballad.

'Twas down by Slawson's shingle mill,
Where sighed the sombre pines;
And cornstalks waved their tasseled tops
Above the pumpkin vines.

Where cow-belled cattle roamed at large.
Through brush and brambles high,
Or stood among the blackened logs
And switched the teasing fly.

Where stumps stood firm, like sentinels,
By many a shanty door,
And lined the saw-dust road, that led
To Slawson's little store.

Where loud was heard the teamster's shout
Of "Whoa Buck ! back, and haw !
The puffing of the engine's breath,
The singing of the saw.

Where nightly in the summer time
A smoky smudge was made,
With pan of chips, and many a cough,
To stop the "skeeter's" raid.

'Twas here, amid such scenes as these,
Our heroine was bred,
And sure to view it at the best,
A hum-drum life she led.

Her father was a sawyer man,
With hard and pitchy hand,
Who laboured hard to clothe and feed
His little household band.

A goodly household too, was there—
Five daughters and a son.
(Her mother had been dead for years,)
And she the eldest one.

And all the neighbors spoke in praise,
And all seemed pleased to tell
Of how she kept the others trim,
And did her duty well.

Few roses grew along her path,
A path of corduroy,
With many bumps, and weary tugs,
Few pleasures, little joy.

No snug boudoir, no toilet grand,
No costly pian-o,
She had an old accordion,
And played a tune or so.

No costly gown of glossy silk,
No patent-leather shoe ;
She dressed herself in tidy print,
Well pleased if it were new.

She was a comely maid to view,
Dark eyes, and brownish hair ;
And such a winning, witching smile,
With dimples here and there.

But I'm no hand at noting down
A lovely maiden's charms ;
I fail to get the items in,
From lips to rounded arms.

So I must leave you to surmise
The facts I skip around,
And wonder how so fair a flow'r
Could grow in such a ground.

Well now, this maiden dreamed by day,
As many maiden's do,
And wondered often in her heart,
Of who would come to woo.

She could not love those haw-buck lads,
Who worked about the mill,
They were of far to gross a kind,
Her purer heart to fill.

And so the weeks and months went by,
And still she fairer grew,
And filled those graceful rounded lines
That please the gazer's view.

And still she laboured cheerfully,
Around the little room,
Beside the hot old cooking stove,
Or plied a nimble broom.

And still she looked, and wondered oft,
And watched each setting sun,
And pictured to herself the looks
Of the long-looked for one.

One day a cloud of dust was seen,
Upon the distant hill,
And soon a pair of dappled greys
Came trotting to the mill.

Behind them sat a comely lad
Whose name was Ephriam Lee.
Shad-bellied coat, and broad-brimmed hat,
From Quaker Street came he.

It happened to be washing day,
And she was by the line,
That stretched from corner of the house
To yonder scraggy pine.

And he looked o'er the fence of slabs,
And she looked out at him ;
The glance that flashed along the line,
Went through his heart so prim.

Of how they got acquainted first
I cannot say a word,
And you will pardon me, I'm sure,
Because I never heard.

But this I know, that after that
The visit was renewed,
And they who listened at the door,
Say this is how he wooed.

“ Dear maid I have a wounded heart,
Pierced by those eyes of thine,
And I would ease its troubled throb
By pressing thine to mine.

I cannot *swear* to be thy *love*
Because I am a *Friend*,
But I will solemnly affirm,
If that will serve the end.

And canst thou wed so plain a lad,
Oh, how I wish thee could !”
She laid her little hand in his,
And said, she would, she would.

He took her to his Quaker home—
White house, and barns of red,
With wide-spread verdant fields around,
Where many cows were fed.

Where orchards to the friendly sun
Held up their ripening fruit,
And when they wearied with the weight,
Let fall about their root.

And now she rides on cushions soft,
With horses sleek and fat,
And by her side, two loving eyes
Beneath a broad-brimmed hat.